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OF
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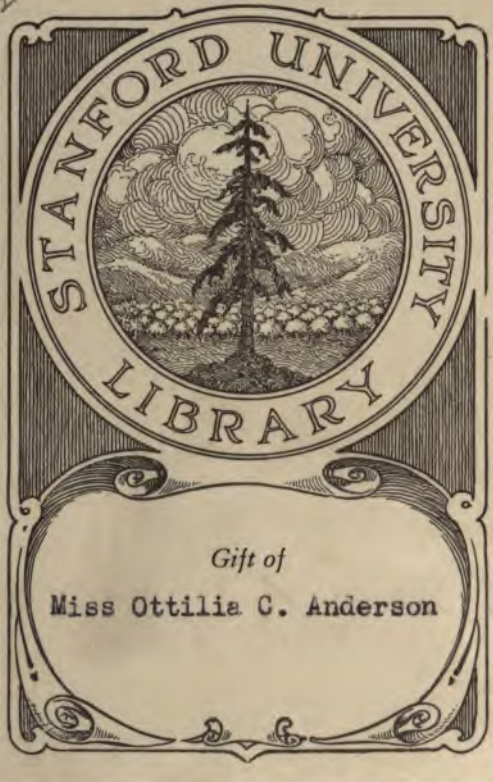

Gift of

Miss Ottilia C. Anderson

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

WIT, WISDOM AND ELOQUENCE

OF

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

INCLUDING ELOQUENT EXTRACTS, WITTY, WISE, PUNGENT AND TRUTHFUL SAYINGS, AND ORATORICAL DISSERTATIONS CONCERNING HOME LIFE, SOCIAL, CIVIL AND POLITICAL LIFE, ADDRESSED TO ALL CLASSES OF PERSONS AND ESPECIALLY TO AMERICAN CITIZENS.

EDITED BY

J. B. McCLURE, A. M.

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PREFACE.

The general public are quite familiar with the wit, wisdom, and eloquence of the well-known statesman, orator and patriotic citizen, Col. R. G. Ingersoll. He certainly ranks among the first of living orators, and many of his sayings are as remarkable for terseness, pungency, and truthfulness, as can be found, perhaps, in the English tongue.

Certainly concerning home life—the mother and "dimpled babe"—and all social and domestic life, as well as every-day civil and political philosophy, Col. Ingersoll's utterances are grandly sublime and beautifully true.

The Compiler presents in this volume what he has selected with great care, and what he believes to be the wittiest, wisest, most eloquent and instructive words of this noted man.

The reader will also find a number of the Colonel's most eloquent and celebrated speeches given in full, including the remarkable funeral oration at his brother's grave.

J. B. McCLURE.

CHICAGO, April 7, 1894.

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INGERSOLL'S
WIT, WISDOM & ELOQUENCE.

———:o:———

Human Happiness.

I tell you I had rather make somebody happy; I would rather have the love of somebody; I would rather go to the forest, far away, and build me a little cabin—build it myself and daub it with mud, and live there with my

THE CABIN HOME OF LINCOLN'S PARENTS.

wife and children; I had rather go there and live by myself—our little family—and have a little path that led down to the spring, where the water bubbled out day and night like a little poem from the heart of the earth; a little hut with some hollyhocks at the corner, with their bannered bosoms open to the sun, and with the

thrush in the air, like a song of joy in the morning; I would rather live there and have some lattice work across the window, so that the sunlight would fall checkered on the baby in the cradle; I would rather live there and have my soul erect and free, than to live in a palace of gold and wear the crown of imperial power and know that my soul was slimy with hypocrisy.

It is not necessary to be rich and great and powerful in order to be happy. If you will treat your wife like a splendid flower, she will fill your life with a perfume and with joy. I believe in the democracy of the fireside; I believe in the republicanism of home; in the equality of man and woman; in the equality of husband and wife.

———:o:———

Protection.

There is another thing in which I believe. I believe in the protection of American labor. The hand that holds Aladdin's lamp must be the hand of toil. This nation rests upon the shoulders of its workers, and I want the American laboring man to have enough to wear. I want him to have enough to eat. I want him to have something for the ordinary misfortunes of life.

I want him to have the pleasure of seeing his wife well dressed. I want him to see a few blue ribbons fluttering about his children. I want him to see the flags of health flying in their beautiful cheeks. I want him to feel that this is his country, and the shield of protection is above his labor.

And I will tell you why I am for protection, too. If we were all farmers we would be stupid. If we were all shoemakers we would be stupid. If we all followed one business, no matter what it was, we would become stupid. Protection to American labor diversifies American industry, and to have it diversified touches and develops every part of the human brain. Protection protects integrity; it protects intelligence; and protection raises sense; and by protection we have greater men and better-looking women and healthy children. Free trade means that our laborer is upon an equality with the poorest paid labor of this world.

———:o:———

Love vs. Glory.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest at last the ashes of the restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide—I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tri-color in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the

NAPOLEON WITNESSING THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Pyramids; I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like Winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea. I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant, and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamlesss dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great. And so I would, ten thousand thousand times.

———:o:———

Influence of a Home.

There can be no such thing in the highest sense as a home, unless you own it. There must be an incentive to plant trees, to beautify the grounds, to preserve and improve. It elevates a man to own a home. It gives a certain independence, a force of character that is obtained in no other way. A man without a home feels like a passenger. There is in such a man a little of the vagrant. Homes make patriots. He who has sat by his own fireside with wife and children, will defend it. When he hears the word country pronounced, he thinks of his home.

Few men have been patriotic enough to shoulder a musket in defense of a boarding house.

The prosperity and glory of our country depend upon the number of our people who are the owners of homes. Around the fireside cluster the private and the public virtues of our race. Raise your sons to be independent through labor—to pursue some business for themselves, and upon their own account—to be self-reliant—to act upon their own responsibility, and to take the consequences like men. Teach them above all things to be good, true and faithful husbands—winners of love, and builders of homes.

———:o:———

Love and Marriage.

It is not necessary to be rich in order to be happy. It is only necessary to be in love. Thousands of men go to college and get a certificate that they have an education, and that certificate is in Latin, and they stop studying, and in two years to save their life they couldn't

read the certificate they got. It is mostly so in marrying. They stop courting when they get married. They think, we have won her and that is enough. Ah! the difference before and after! How well they look! How bright their eyes! How light their steps, and how full they were of generosity and laughter! I tell you a man should consider himself in good luck if a woman loves him when he is doing his level best! Good luck! Good luck! And another thing that is the cause of

BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL GRANT.

much trouble is that people don't count fairly. They do what they call putting their best foot forward. That means lying a little. I say put your worst foot forward. If you have got any faults admit them. If you drink, say so and quit it. If you chew smoke and swear, say so. If some of your kindred are not very good people, say so. If you have had two or three that died on the gallows, or that ought to have died there, say so. Tell all your faults, and if after she knows your faults she

says she will have you, you have got the dead wood on that woman forever, I claim that there should be perfect equality in the home, and I cannot think of anything nearer Heaven than a home where there is true republicanism and true democracy at the fireside. All are equal. And then, do you know, I like to think that love is eternal; that if you really love the woman for her sake, you will love her no matter what she may do; that if she really loves you, for your sake, the same—if you really love her you will always see the face you loved and won.

———:o:———

Love and Joy.

It is not necessary to be great to be happy; It is not necessary to be rich to be just and generous, and to have a heart filled with divine affection. No matter whether you are rich or poor, use your wife as though she were a splendid creation, and she will fill your life with perfume and joy. And do you know it is a splendid thing for me to think that the woman you love will never grow old to you. Through the wrinkles of time, through the music of years, if you really love her, you will always see the face you loved and won. And a woman who really loves a man, does not see that he grows older; he is not decrepit; he does not tremble; he is not old; she always sees the same gallant gentleman who won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way; I like to think of all passions, love is eternal, and as Shakspeare says, "Although time with his sickle can rob ruby lips and sparkling eyes, let him reach as far as he can, he cannot quite touch love, that

reaches even to the end of the tomb." And to love in that way and then go down the hill of life together, and as you go down, hear, perhaps, the laughter of grandchildren, and the birds of joy and love will sing once more n the leafless branches of age.

It is not necessary to be great to be happy; I believe in the democracy of home. I believe in the republicanism of the family. I believe in liberty and equality with those we love.

———:o:———

Liberty of Mind,

I do not know what inventions are in the brain of the future; I do not know what garments of glory may be woven for the world in the loom of years to be; we are just on the edge of the great ocean of discovery. I do not know what is to be discovered; I do not know what science will do for us. I do know that science did just take a handful of sand and make the telescope, and with it read all the starry leaves of heaven; I know that science took the thunderbolts from the hands of Jupiter, ahd now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under waves of the sea; I know that science stole a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, and created giant that turns with tireless arms the countless wheels of toil; I know that science broke the chains from human limbs and gave us instead the forces of nature for our slaves; I know that we have made the attractiou of gravitation work for us; we have made the lightnings our messengers; we have taken advantage of fire and flames and wind and sea; these slaves have no backs to be whipped; they have no

hearts to be lacerated; they have no children to be stolen, no cradles to be violated. I know that science has given us better houses; I know it has given us better pictures and better books; I know it has given us better wives and better husbands, and more beautiful children. I know it has enriched a thousand-fold our lives; and for that reason I am in favor of intellectual liberty.

———:o:———

Industry.

We must get rid of the idea that a little learning unfits one for work. There are hundreds of graduates of Yale and Harvard and other colleges, who are agents of sewing machines, solicitors for insurance, clerks, copyists, in short, performing a hundred varieties of menial service. They seem willing to do anything that is not regarded as work—anything that can be done in a town, in the house, in an office, but they avoid farming as they would leprosy. Nearly every young man educated in this way is simply ruined. Such an education ought to be called ignorance. It is a thousand times better to have common sense without education than education without the sense. Boys and girls should be educated to help themselves. They should be taught that it is disgraceful to be idle, and dishonorable to be useless.

You can divide mankind into two classes; the laborers and the idlers, the susporters and the supported, the honest and the dishonest, Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labor of others, no matter if he occupies a throne. All laborers should be brothers. The laborers should have equal rights before the world and before the law. And I want every farmer to con-

sider every man who labors either with hand or brain as his brother. Until genius and labor formed a partnership there was no such thing as prosperity among men. Every reaper and mower, every agricultural implement, has elevated work of the farmer, and his vocation grows grander with every invention. In the olden time the agriculturist was ignorant; he knew nothing of machinery, he was the slave of superstition.

———:o:———

How to Marry.

Whoever marries simply for himself will make a mistake; but whoever loves a woman so well that he says, "I will make her happy," makes no mistake; and so with the woman who says, "I will make him happy. There is only one way to be happy and that is to make somebody else so, and you can't be happy cross-lots; you have got to go the regular turnpike road.

———:o:———

The Evolution of Woman.

I say it took hundreds of years for a woman to come from a state of slavery to marriage; and, ladies, the chains that were upon your necks and the bracelets that were put upon your arms were iron, and they have been changed by the touch of the wand of civilization, to shining, glittering gold. Woman came from a condition of abject slavery, and thousands and thousands are in that condition now.

———:o:———

A Worthy Ambition.

Let me say right here—and I have thought a good deal about it—let me say right here, the grandest ambi-

tion that any man can possibly have, is to so live and so improve himself in heart and brain as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman; and the grandest ambition of any girl is to make herself worthy of the love and adoration of some magnificent man. That is my idea, and there is no success in life without it.

———:o:———

The Right Woman to Love.

I would not want the love of a woman that is not great enough, grand enough and splendid enough to be free. I will never give to any woman my heart upon chains. Do you know sometimes I think generosity is about the only virtue there is? How I do hate a man that has to be begged and importuned every minute for a few cents by his wife. "Give me a dollar?" "What did you do with that fifty cents I gave you last Christmas?"

———:o———

How to Come Home to Your Family.

When a man comes home let him come home like a ray of light in the night bursting through the doors and illuminating the darkness. What right has a man to assassinate joy, and murder happiness in the sanctuary of love—to be a cross man, a peevish man? Is that the way he courted? Was there always something ailing him? Was he too nervous to hear her speak? When I see a man of that kind I am always sorry that doctors know so much about preserving life as they do.

———:o:———

A Woman's Love.

I tell you women are more prudent than men. I tell you, as a rule, women are more truthful than men. I

tell you that women are more faithful than men—ten times as faithful as man. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she has been morally wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back even her corpse to his arms; but I have seen woman do it. I have seen woman with her white arms lift man from the mire of degradation, and hold him to her bosom as though he were an angel

———:o:———

The Kingdom of Kindness.

Above all, let every man treat his wife and children with infinite kindness. Give your sons and daughters every advantage within your power. In the air of kindness they will grow about you like flowers. They will fill your homes with sunshine and all your years with joy. Do not try to rule by force.

A blow from a parent leaves a scar on the soul. I should feel ashamed to die surrounded by children I had whipped. Think of feeling upon your dying lips the kiss of a child you had struck.

See to it that your wife has every convenience. Make her life worth living. Never allow her to become a servant. Wives, weary and worn; mothers, wrinkled and bent before their time, fill homes with grief and shame. If you are not able to hire help for your wives, help them yourselves. See that they have the best utensils to work with. Women cannot create things by magic. Have plenty of wood and coal—good cellars and plenty in them.

———:o:———

The Happy Home.

Make your homes pleasant. Have your house warm and comfortable for the winter. Do not build a story-and-a half house. The half-story is simply an oven in which, during the summer you will bake every night, and feel in the morning as though only the rind of yourself was left.

Decorate your rooms, even if you do so with cheap engravings. The cheapest are far better than none. Have books—have papers, and read them. You have more leisure than the dwelllers in cities. Beautify your grounds with plants and flowers and vines. Have good gardens. Remember that everything of beauty tends to the elevation of man. Every little morning-glory whose purple bosom is thrilled with the amorous kisses of the sun tends to put a blosso n in your heart. Do not judge of the value of everything by the market reports. Every flower about a house certifies to the refinement of somebody. Every vine, climbing and blossoming, tells of love and joy.

Make your houses comfortable. Do not huddle together in a little room around a red-hot stove, with every window fastened down. Do not live in this poisoned atmosphere, and then, when one of your children dies, put a piece in the papers commencing with, "Whereas, it has pleased divine Providence to remove from our midst—." Have plenty of air, and plenty of warmth. Comfort is health. Do not imagine anything is unhealthy simply because it is pleasant. This is an old and foolish idea.

Let your children sleep. Do not drag them from their beds in the darkness of night. Do not compel

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS FAMILY AT HOME. (31)

them to associate all that is tiresome, irksome and dreadful with cultivating the soil. In this way you bring farming into hatred and disrepute. Treat your children with infinite kindness—treat them as equals. There is no happiness in a home not filled with love. Where the husband hates his wife—where the wife hates the husband; where children hate their parents and each other—there is a hell upon earth.

There is no reason why farmers should not be the kindest and most cultivated of men. There is nothing in plowing the fields to make men cross, cruel and crabbed. To look npon the sunny slopes covered with daisies does not tend to make men unjust. Whoever labors for the happiness of those he loves, elevates himself, no matter whether he works in the dark and dreary shops, or in the perfumed fields. To work for others is, in reality, the only way in which a man can work for himself. Selfishness is ignorance. Speculalors cannot make unless somebody loses. In the realm of speculation, every success has at least one victim. The harvest reaped by the farmer benefits all and injures none. For him to succeed, it is not necessary that some one should fail. The same is true of all producers—of all laborers.

———:o:———

A Short Patent Lecture.

I despise a stingy man. I don't see how it is possible for a man to die worth fifty millions of dollars or ten million of dollars, in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all that, and hold in the clutch of his greed twenty or thirty

millions of dollars, is past my comprehension. I do not see how he can do it. I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber where hundreds and thousands of men were drowning in the sea. I should not think he could do it.

Do you know I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their honor, but not with their pocketbook; not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind I always think he knows which of these articles is the most valuable.

Think of making your wife a beggar! Think of her having to ask you everyday for a dollar, or for two dollars, or for fifty cents! "What did you do with that dollar I gave you last week?"

Think of having a wife that was afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for their mother? Oh! I tell you if you have but a dollar in the world and you have got to spend it, spend it like a king; spend it as though it were a dry leaf and you the owner of unbounded forests! That's the way to spend it!

I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than be a king and spend my money like a beggar. If it's got to go, let it go. Get the best you can for your family—try to look as well as you can yourself.

When you used to go courting, how nice you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step was light, and you just put on the very best look you could. Do you know that it is insufferable egotism in you to suppose that a woman is going to love you always looking as bad as you can? Think of it! Any woman on earth will be true

to you forever when you do your level best. Some people tell me, "Your doctrine about loving and wives all that is splendid for the rich, but it won't do for the poor." I tell you tonight their is on the average more love in the homes of the poor than in the palaces of the rich; and the meanest hut with love in it is fit for the gods, and a palace without love is a den only for wild beasts. That's my doctrine! You can't be so poor but that you can help somebody.

Good nature is the cheapest commodity in the world, and love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent. to borrower and lender both. Don't tell me that you have got to be rich! We have all a false standard of greatness in the United States. We think here that a man to be great must be notorious; he must be extremely wealthy or his name must be between the lips of rumor. It is all nonsense!

It is not necessary to be rich to be great, or to be powerful to be happy; and the happy man is the successful man. Happiness is the legal tender of the soul. Joy is wealth.

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Ingersoll's Beautiful Thoughts About Children.

—A good way to make children tell the truth is to tell it yourself. Keep your word with your child the same as you would with your banker.

—I intend to live that when I die my children can come to my grave and truthfully say: "He who sleeps here never gave us one moment of pain."

—If you tell a child you will do anything, either do it or give the child the reason why. Truth is born of confidence. It comes from the lips of love and liberty.

—We have been saved by that splendid thing called independence, and I want to see more of it, day after day, and I want to see children raised so they will have it. That is my doctrine.

—Make your home happy. Be honest with the children ; divide fairly with them in everything. Give them a little liberty, and you cannot drive them out of the house. They will want to stay there. Make home pleasant.

—Let children have some daylight at home if you want tc keep them there, and don't commence at the cradle and yell, "Dont!" "Don't!" "Stop!" That is nearly all that is said to a young one from the cradle until he is twenty-one years old.

—Another thing: let the children eat what they want to. Let them commence at whichever end of the dinner they desire. That is my doctrine. They know what they want much better than you do. Nature is a great deal smarter than you ever were.

—Every little while some door is thrown open in some orphan asylum, and there we see the bleeding back of a child whipped beneath the roof that was raised by love. It is infamous, and the man that can't raise a child without the whip ought not to have a child.

—Don't plant your children in long, straight rows, like posts, Let them have light and air, and let them grow bcautiful as palms. When I was a little boy, children went to bed when they were not sleepy, and always got up when they were. I would like to see that changed, but they say we are too poor, some of us, to do it. Well, all right. It is as easy to wake a child with a kiss as with a blow; with kindness as with a curse.

—I tell you there is something splendid in the man that will not always mind. Why, if we had done as the

things told us five hundred years ago, we would all have been slaves. If we had done as the priests told us, we would all have been idiots. If we had done as the doctors told us, we would all have been dead. We have been saved by disobedience. We have been saved by disobedience. We have been saved by that splendid thing called independence, and I want to see more of it, day after day, and I want to see children raised so they will have it. That is my doctrine. Give the children a chance.

—Be perfectly honor bright with your children, and they will be your friends when you are old. Don't insist upon their pursuing some calling they have no sort of faculty for. Don't make that poor girl play ten years upon a piano when she has no ear for music, and when she has practiced until she can play "Bonaparte crossing the Alps," you can't tell after she has played it whether Bonaparte ever got across or not. Men are oaks, women are vines, children are flowers, and if there is any Heaven in this world, it is in the family. It is where the wife loves the husband, and the husband loves the wife, and where the dimpled arms of children are about the necks of both.

—If there is one of you here that ever expects to whip your child again, let me ask you something. Have your photograph taken at the time and let it show your face red with vulgar anger, and the face of the little one with eyes swimming in tears, and the little chin dimpled with fear, looking like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. If that little child should die, I cannot think of a sweeter way to spend an Autumn afternoon than to take that photograph and go to the cemetery, when the

maples are clad in tender gold, and when the little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth; and sit down upon that mound, and look upon that photograph, and think of the flesh, now dust, that you beat. Just think of it. I could not bear to die in the arms of a child that I had whipped. I could not bear to feel upon my lips, when they were withered beneath the touch of death, the kiss of one that I had struck.

—I said, and I say again, no day can be so sacred but that the laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, oh, weird musician, thy harp, strung with Appollo's golden hair; fil the vast cathredral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, blugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch the skies, with moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering on the vine-clad hills; but know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh, the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy; oh, rippling river of life, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and man, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fiend of care; oh, laughter, divine daughter of joy, make dimples enough in the cheeks of the world to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

—I like to hear children at the table telling what big things they have seen during the day; I like to hear their merry voices mingling with the clatter of knives and forks. I had rather hear that than any opera that was ever put upon the stage. I hate this idea of authority. I hate dignity. I never saw a dignified man that

was uot after all and old idiot. Dignity is a mask; a dignified man is afraid that you will know he does not know everything. A man of sense and argument is always willing to admit what he don't know—why? —because there is so much that he does know; and that is the first step towards learning—willingness to admit what you don't know, and when you don't know a thing, ask—no matter how small and silly it may look to other people—ask, and after that you know. A man never is in a state of mind that he can learn until he gets that dignified nonsense out of him, and so I say let us treat our children with perfect kindness and tenderness.

—I want to tell you that you cannot get the robe of hypocrisy on you so thick that the sharp eye of children will not see through every veil, and if you pretend to your children that you are the best man that ever lived —the bravest man that ever lived—they will find you out every time. They will not have the same opinion of father when they grow up that they used to have. They will have to be in mighty bad luck if they ever do meaner things than you have done. When your child confesses to you that it has committed a fault, take that child in your arms, and let it feel your heart beat against its heart, and raise your children in the sunlight of love, and they will be sunbeams to you along the pathway of life. Abolish the club and the whip from the house, because if the civilized use a whip, the ignorant and the brutal will use a club, and they will use it because you use a whip.

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The "Two Biggest Liars in the Sta.e of Michigan—Story of a Boy.

I was over in Michigan the other day. There was a boy over there at Grand Rapids about five or six years old, a nice, smart boy, as you will see from the remark he made—what you might call a nineteenth century boy. His father and mother had promised to take him out riding for about three weeks, and they would slip off and go without him. Well, after a while that got kind of played out with the little boy, and the day before I was there they played the trick on him again. They went out and got the carriage, and went away, and as they rode away from the front of the house, he happened to be standing there with his nurse, and he saw them. The whole thing flashed on him in a moment. He took in the situation, and turned to his nurse and said, pointing to his father and mother: "There goes the two biggest liars in the State of Michigan!" When you go home fill the house with joy, so that the light of it will stream out the windows and doors, and illuminate even the darkness. It is just as easy that way as any in the world.

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Ingersoll on Alcohol—A Scathing Denunciation.

Colonel Ingersoll, in speaking to a jury in a case which involved the manufacture of alcohol, used the following eloquent language:

"I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell

of death, dishonor and crime, that it demoralizes everybody that touches it, from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject wiihout becoming prejudiced against that liquor crime.

"All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream of death; of the suicides, of the insanity; of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the destitution; of the little children tugging at the faded and weary breasts of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the talented men of genius it has wrecked. the men struggling with imaginary serpents, produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons. of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this stuff called alcohol.

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Col Ingersoll's Funeral Oration at His Brother's Grave.

The funeral of Hon. Ebon C. Ingersoll, brother of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, took place at his residence in Washington, D. C., June 2, 1879. The ceremonies were extremely simple, consisting merely of viewing the remains by relatives and friends, and a funeral oration by Col. Ingersoll. A large number of distinguished gentlemen were present. Soon after Mr. Ingersoll began to read his eloquent characterization of the dead, his eyes filled with tears. He tried to hide them behind his eye-glasses, but he could not do it, and finally he bowed his head upon the dead man's coffin in uncon-

trollable grief. It was after some delay and the greatest efforts at self-mastery, that Col. Ingersoll was able to finish reading his address, which was as follows:

My Friends: I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling towards the West. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for a moment he laid down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar a sunken ship. For, whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy, as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and

with the purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty and a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words: "For justice all place a temple and all season summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice, the only worshipper, humanity the only religion, and love the priest.

He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who, sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

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Ingersoll's Beautiful Thoughts on Love and Life.

—Without the family relation is tender, pure and true, civilization is impossible.

—I believe in marriage. If there is any Heaven upon earth, it is in the family by the fireside.

—The happy man is the successful man; and the man who makes somebedy else happy, is a happy man.

—I believc marriage should be a perfect and equal partnership. I do not like a man who thinks he is boss.

—If there is a man I detest, it is the man who thinks

he is the head of the family—the man who thinks he is "boss."

—I tell you this is a pretty good world, if we only love somebody in it; if we only make somebody happy; if we are only honor bright in it.

—I believe in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinion of long-haired men and short-haired women who denounce the institution of marriage.

—I do not like a man who thinks he has got authority and that the woman belongs to him—that wants for his wife a slave. I would not have a slave for my wife.

—Love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent. of interest on the outlay. Love is the only thing in which the height of extravagance is the last degree of economy

—The man who has the love of one splendid woman is a rich man. Joy is wealth, and love is the legal tender of the soul! Love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent to borrower and lender both.

—I tell you it is an infamous word and an infamous feeling—a man who is "boss," who is going to govern in his family; and when he speaks let all the rest of them be still; some mighty idea is about to be launched from his mouth. Do you know I dislike this man?

—The man that has gained the love of one good, splendid, pure woman, his life has been a success, no matter if he dies in the ditch; and if he gets to be a crowned monarch of the world and never had the love of one splendid heart, his life has been an ashen vapor.

—Now, my friends, it seems to me that the woman is the equal of the man. She has all the rights I have,

and one more, and that is the right to be protected. That's my doctrine. You are married; try and make the woman you love happy; try and make the man you love happy.

—If you are the grand emperor of the world, you had better be the grand emperor of one loving and tender heart, and she the grand empress of yours. The man who has really won the love of one good woman in this world, I do not care if he dies a beggar, his life has been a success.

—Imagine a young man and a young woman courting walking out in the moonlight and the nightingale singing a song of pain and love, as though the thorn touched her heart—imagine them stopping there in the moonlight and starlight and song, and saying, "Now, here, let's settle who's 'boss!'"

—I have known men that would trust a woman with their heart (if you call that thing which pushes their blood around, a heart), and with their honor (if you call that fear of getting into the penitentiary, honor); I have known men that would trust that heart and that honor with a woman, but not their pocket-book—not a dollar bill.

—I have not the slightest respect for for the ideas of those short-haired women and long-haired men who denounce the institution of the family; who denounce the institution of marriage; but I hold in greater contempt the husband who would enslave his wife. I hold in greater contempt the man who is anything in his family except love and tenderness and kindness.

—What is wealth compared with the love of a splen-

did woman? People tell me that it is very good doctrine for rich folks, but it won't do for poor folks. I tell you that there is more love in the huts and homes of the poor, than in the mansions of the rich; and the meanest hut with love in it is a palace fit for the gods, and a palace without that is a den only fit for wild beasts.

—Let me say right here, I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human advancement; without the family relation there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous.

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Noble Sentiments.

—What can we do? We can help man; we can help clothe the naked, feed the hungry; we can help break the chains of the slave; we can help weave a garment of joy that will finally cover this world.

—Go around the world, and where you find the least superstition there you will find the best men, the best women, the best children. Two powerful levers are at work—love and intelligence. The true test of a man is generosity, that covers a multitude of sins.

—I believe the family to be the holiest of all holies; and where there is a good family, there virtue dwells with love. It is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all this world.

—Ignorance is a poor pedestal to set virtue upon, and mock modesty should not have the right to prevent

people from knowing themselves. Every child has a right to be well-born, and ignorance has no right to people the world with scrofula and consumption.

—Real victories can be won only for the right. The triumph of justice is the only peace. Such is the nature of things. He who enslaves another cannot be free. He who attacks the right assaults himself.

—Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart.

—Courage without conscience is a wild beast; patriotism without principle is the prejudice of birth—the animal attachment to place.

—When the will defies fear, when the heart applauds the brain, when duty throws the gauntlet down to fate, when honor scorns to compromise with death—this is heroism.

—I would wish that the friends who bid us "good night" in this world would greet us with "good morning" there. Just as long us we love one another we'll hope for another world; just as long as love kisses the lips of death will we believe and hope for a future reunion. I would not take one hope away from the human soul.

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Ingersoll's Eloquent Vision.

The following remarkably eloquent words are taken from Col. Ingersolls brilliant address to the veteran soldiers at Indianapolis:

The past as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle of National life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of the heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators, we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them

when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring by brave words spoken in the old tones to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child, trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. There heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men, women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, and the whipping-post and we see homes and firesides, and schoolhouses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run

red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

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STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC.

Individuality.

On every hand are the enemies of individuality and mental freedom. Custom meets us at the cradle, and leaves us only at the tomb. Our first questions are answered by ignorance and our last by superstition. We are pushed and dragged along the beaten track by countless hands, and our entire training can be summed up in the word "suppression." Our desire to have a thing or to do a thing, is considered as conclusive evidence that we ought not to have it and ought not to do it. At every turn we run against a cherubim and a flaming sword, guardidg some entrance to the Eden of our desire We are allowed to investigate all subjects in which we feel no particular interest, and to express the opinions of the majority with the utmost freedom. We are taught that liberty of speech should never be carried to the extent of contradicting the dead witnesses of a popular superstition. Society offers continued reward for self betrayal, and they are nearly all earned and claimed, and some are paid.

It is a blessed thing that in every age some one has had individuality enough and courage enough to stand by his convictions; some one had the grit to say his say. I believe it was Magellan who said, "The church says the earth is flat; but I have seen its shadow on the moon, and I have more confidence even in a shadow than the church." On the prow of his ship were disobedience, defiance, scorn and success.

The trouble with most people is that they bow to what they call authority; they have a certain reverence for the old because it is old. They think a man is better for being dead, especially if he has been dead a long

time, and that the forefathers of their nation were the greatest and best of mankind.

How lucky it is for us all that it is somewhat unnatural for a human being to obey! Universal obedience is universal stagnation; disobedience is one of the conditions of progress. Select any age of the world and tell me what would have been the effect of implicit obedience. In defiance of advice. the world has advanced.

An eastern monarch said to a hermit, "Come with me, and I will give you power." "I have all the power that I know how to use," said the hermit. "Come,' said the king, "I will give you wealth." "I have no wants that money can supply." "I will give you honor.' "Ah! honor can not be given, it must be earned." "Come," said the king, making a last appeal, "and I will give you happiness." "No," said the man of solitude, "there is no happiness without liberty, and he who follows can not be free." "You shall have liberty, too." "Then I will stay." And the king's courtiers thought the hermit a fool.

Over the vast plain of life we are all travelers, and not one traveler is perfectly certain that he is going in the right direction. True it is that no other plain is supplied with so many guide-boards. At every turn and crossing you find them, and upon each is written the exact direction and distance. One great trouble is, how ever, that these boards are all different, and the result is that most travelers are confused in proportion to the number they read.

In my judgment every human being should take a road of his own. Every mind should be true to itself; should think, investigate and conclude for itself. This is a duty

alike incumbent upon pauper and prince. Every soul should repel dictation and tyranny, no matter from what source they come—from earth to heaven, from men or gods. Besides, every traveler upon this vast plain should give to every other traveler his best idea as to the road that should be taken. Each is entitled to the honest opinion of all. And there is but one way to get an honest opinion upon any subject whatever. The person giving the opinion must be free from fear. The merchant must not fear to lose his custom, the doctor his practice, nor the preacher his pulpit. There can be no advance without liberty. Suppression of honest inquiry is retrogression, and must end in intellectuai night.

We should all remember that to be like other folks is to be unlike ourselves, and that nothing can be more detestable in character than servile imitation. The great trouble with imitation is that we are apt to ape those who are in reality far below us. After all, the poorest bargains that a human being can make is to trade off his individuality for what is called respectability.

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Brotherhood and Equal Rights for All.

A great many farmers seem to think that they are the only laborers in the world. This is a very foolish thing. Farmers cannot get along without the mechanic. You are not independent of the man of genius. Your prosperity depends upon the inventor. The world advances by the assistance of all laborers; and all labor is under obligations to the inventions of genius. The inventor does as much for agriculture as he who tills the soil. All laboring men should be brothers. You are in partnership with the mechanics who make your reapers, your mowers and your plows; and you should take into your granges all the men who make their living by honest labor. The laboring people should unite and should protect themselves against all idlers. You can divide mankind into two classes: the laborers and the idlers, supporters and the supported, the honest and the dishonest. Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labor of others, no matter if he occupies a throne. All laborers should be brothers. The laborers should have equal rights before the world and before the law.

Now every one of us has the same rights. I have the right to labor and to have the products of my labor. I have the right to think, and furthermore, to express my thoughts, because expression is the reward of my intellectual labor.

We don't need any law to make mankind respect Shakespeare. We come to the altar of that great man and cover it with our gratitude without a statute. Think of a law to govern tastes! Think of a law to govern mind, or any question whatever!

I want to have us all do what little we can to secularize this Government—take it from the control of savagery and give it to science, take it from the Government of the past and give it to the enlightened present, and in this Government let us uphold every man and woman in their rights, that every one, after he or she comes to the age of discretion, may have a voice in the affairs of the nation. Do this, and we'll grow in grandeur and splendor every day, and the time will come when every man and every woman shall have the same rights as every other man and every other woman has. I believe we are growing better. I don't believe the wail of want shall be heard forever; that the prison and the gallows will always curse the ground. The time will come when liberty and law and love, like the rings of Saturn, will surround the world; when the world will cease making these mistakes; when every man will be judged according to his worth and intelligence. I want to do all I can to hasten that day.

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How They Did When Ingersoll Was a Farmer.

When I was a farmer they used to haul wheat two hundred miles in a wagon and sell it for thirty-five cents a bushel. They would bring home about three hundred feet of lumber, two bunches of shingles, a barrel of salt, and a cook-stove that never would draw and never did bake.

In those blessed days the people lived on corn and bacon. Cooking was an unknown art. Eating was a necessity, not a pleasure. It was hard work for the cook to keep on good terms even with hunger.

The rain held the roofs in perfect contempt, and the snow drifted joyfully on the floors and beds. They had no barns. The horses were kept in rail pens surrounded with straw. Long before spring the sides would be eaten away and nothing but roofs would be left. Food is fuel. When the cattle were exposed to all the blasts of winter, it took all the corn and oats that could be stuffed into them to prevent actual starvation.

In those times farmers thought the best place for the pig-pen was immediately in front of the house. There is nothing like sociability.

Women were supposed to know the art of making fires without fuel. The wood-pile consisted, as a general thing, of one log, upon which an ax or two had been worn out in vain. There was nothing to kindle a fire with. Pickets were pulled from the garden fence, clapboards, taken from the house, and every stray plank was seized upon for kindling. Everything was done in the hardest way. Everything about the farm was disagreeable. Nothing was kept in order. Nothing was pre-

served. The wagons stood in the sun and rain, and the plows rusted in the fields. There was no leisure, no feeling that the work was done. It was all labor and weariness and vexation of spirit. The crops were destroyed by wandering herds, or they were put in too late, or too early, or they were blown down, or caught by the frost, or devoured by bugs, or stung by flies, or eaten by worms, or carried away by birds, or dug up by gophers, or washed away by floods, or dried up by the sun or rotted in the stack, or heated in the crib, or they all run to vines, or tops, or straw, or cobs. And when in spite of all these accidents that lie in wait between the plow and the reaper, they did succeed in raising a good crop and a high price was offered, then the roads would be impassable. And when the roads got good, then the prices went down. Everything worked together for evil.

Nearly every farmer's boy took an oath that he would, never cultivate the soil. The moment they arrived at the age of twenty-one they left the desolate and dreary farms and rushed to the towns and cities. They wanted to be book-keepers, doctors, merchants, railroad men insurance agents, lawyers, even preachers, anything to avoid the drudgery of the farm. Nearly every boy acquainted with the three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic—imagined that he had altogether more education than ought to be wasted in raising potatoes and corn. They made haste to get into some other business. Those who stayed upon the farm envied those who went away.

A few years ago the times were prosperous, and the young men went to the cities to enjoy the fortunes that were waiting for them. They wanted to engage in some-

thing that promised quick returns. They built railways, established banks and insurance companies. They speculated in stocks in Wall Street, and gambled in grain at Chicago. They became rich. They lived in palaces. They rode in carriages. They pitied their poor brothers on the farms, and the poor brothers envied them.

But time has brought its revenge. The farmers have seen the railroad president a bankrupt, and the road in the hands of a receiver. They have seen the bank president abscond, and the insurance company a wrecked and ruined fraud. The only solvent people, as a class, the only independent people, are the tillers of the soil.

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Getting up Early in the Morning is a Relic of Barbarism.

It is not necessary in this age of the world for the farmer to rise in the middle of the night and begin his work. This getting up so early in the morning is a relic of barbarism. It has made hundreds of thousands of young men curse the business. There is no need of getting up at three or four o'clock in the winter morning. The farmer who persists in dragging his wife and children from their beds ought to be visited by a missionary. It is time enough to rise after the sun has set the example. For what purpose do you get up? To feed the cattle? Why not feed them more the night before? It is a waste of life. In the old times they used to get up about three o'clock in the morning, and go to work long before the sun had risen "with healing upon his wings," and as a just punishment they all had the ague; and they ought to have it now. The man who cannot

get a living upon Illinois soil without rising before daylight ought to starve. Eight hours a day is enough for any farmer to work except in harvest time. When you rise at four and work till dark what is life worth? Of what use are all the improvements in farming? Of what use is all the improved machinery unless it tends to give the farmer a little more leisure. What is harvesting now, compared with what it was in the old time? Think of the days of reaping, of cradling, or raking and binding and mowing. Think of threshing with the flail and winnowing with the wind. And now think of the reapers and mowers, the binders and threshing machines, the plows and cultivators, upon which the farmer rides protected from the sun. If, with all these advantages, you cannot get a living without rising in the middle of the night, go into some other business. You should not rob your families of sleep. Sleep is the best medicine in the world. There is no such thing as health without plenty of sleep. Sleep until you are thoroughly rested and restored. When you work, work; and when you get through take a good, long and refreshing sleep.

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The Fashions and Handsome Women.

Another thing—I am a believer in fashion. It is the duty of every woman to make herself as beautiful and attractive as she possibly can.

"Handsome is as handsome does," but she is much handsomer if well dressed. Every man should look his very best. I am a believer in good clothes. The time never ought to come in this country when you can tell a farmer's wife or daughter simply by the garments she wears. I say to every girl and woman, no matter what

the material of your dress may be, no matter how cheap and coarse it is, cut it and make it in the fashion. I believe in jewelry. Some people look upon it as barbaric, but in my judgment, wearing jewelry is the first evidence a barbarian gives of a wish to be civilized. To adorn ourselves seems to be a part of our nature, and this desire seems to be everywhere and in everything. I have sometimes thought that the desire for beauty covers the earth with flowers. It is this desire that paints the wings of moths, tints the chamber of the shell, and gives the bird its plumage and its song. Oh! daughters and wives, if you would be loved, adorn yourselves—if you would be adored, be beautiful!

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The Colonel's View of "Solid Comfort."

I can imagine no condition that carries with it such a promise of joy as that of the farmer in the early winter. He has his cellar filled—he has made every preparation for the days of snow and storm—he looks forward to the three months of ease and rest; to the three months of fireside content; three months with wife and children; three months of long, delightful evenings; three months of home; three months of solid comfort.

When the life of the farmer is such as I have described, the cities and towns will not be filled with want—the streets will not be crowded with wrecked rogues, broken bankers, and bankrupt speculators. The fields will be tilled, and country villages, almost hidden by trees, and vines, and flowers, filled with industrious and happy people, will nestle in every vale and gleam like gems on every plain.

The idea must be done away with that there is some-

thing intellectually degrading in cultivating the soil. Nothing can be nobler than to be useful. Idleness should not be respectable.

If farmers will cultivate well, and without waste; if they will so build that their houses will be warm in winter and cool in summer; if they will plant trees and beautify their homes; if they will occupy their leisure in reading, in thinking, in improving their minds and in devising ways and means to make their business profitable and pleasant; if they will live nearer together and cultivate sociability; if they will come together often; if they will have reading rooms and cultivate music; if they will have bath-rooms, ice-houses and good gardens; if their wives can have an easy time; if the nights can be taken for sleep and the evenings for enjoyment, everybody will be in love with the fields. Happiness should be the object of life, and if life on the farm can be made really happy, the children will grow up in love with the meadows, the streams, the woods and the old home. Around the farm will cling and cluster the happy memories of the delightful years.

Remember, I pray you, that you are in partnership with all labor—that you should join hands with all the sons and daughters of toil, and that all who work belong to the same noble family.

For my part, I envy the man who has lived on the same broad acres from his boyhood, who cultivates the fields where in youth he played, and lives where his father lived and died.

I can imagine no sweeter way to end one's life than in the quiet of the country, out of the mad race for money, place and power—far from the demands of business—

out of the dusty highway where fools struggle and strive for the hollow praise of other fools.

Surrounded by these pleasant fields and faithful friends, by those I have loved, I hope to end my days. And this I hope may be the lot of all who hear my voice. I hope that you, in the country, in houses covered with vines and clothed with flowers, looking from the open window upon the rustling fields of corn and wheat, over which will run the sunshine and the shadow, surrounded by those whose lives you have filled with joy, will pass away serenely as the Autumn dies.

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Agriculture the Basis of Wealth.

I am not an old and experienced farmer, nor a tiller of the soil, nor one of the hard-handed sons of labor. I imagine, however, that I know something about cultivating the soil, and getting happiness out of the ground.

I know enough to know that agriculture is the basis of all wealth, prosperity and luxury. I know that in the country where the tillers of the fields are free, everybody is free and ought to be prosperous.

The old way of farming was a great mistake. Everything was done the wrong way. It was all work and waste, weariness and want. They used to fence a hundred and sixty acres of land with a couple of dogs. Everything was left to the protection of the blessed trinity of chance, accident and mistake.

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The Farmer and the Mechanic—Which the Colonel Thinks Has the Best of It.

In many ways the farmer has the advantage of the mechanic. In our time we have plenty of mechanics but no tradesmen. In the sub-division of labor we have a thousand men working upon different parts of the same thing, each taught in one particular branch, and only one. We have, say, in a shoe-factory, hundreds of men, but not a shoemaker. It takes them all, assisted by a great number of machines, to make a shoe; each does a particular part, and not one of them knows the entire trade. The result is that the moment the factory shuts down these men are out of employment. Out of employment means out of bread—out of bread means famine and horror. The mechanic of to-day has but little independence. His prosperity often depends upon the good-will of one man. He is liable to be discharged for a look, for a word. He lays by but little for his declining years. He is, at the best, the slave of capital.

It is a thousand times better to be a whole farmer than part of a mechanic. It is better to till the ground and work for yourself than to be hired by corporations. Every man should endeavor to belong to himself.

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The Independent Man.

About seven hundred years ago, Kheyam, a Persian, said: "Why should a man who possesses a piece of bread securing life for two days, and who has a cup of water—why should such a man serve another?"

Young men should not be satisfied with a salary. Do not mortgage the possibilities of your future. Have the

courage to take life as it comes, feast or famine. Think of hunting a gold mine for a dollar a day, and think of finding one for another man. How would you feel then?

We are lacking in true courage, when for fear of the future, we take the crusts and scraps and niggardly salaries of the present. I had a thousand times rather have a farm and be independent, than to be President of the United States without independence, filled with doubt and trembling, feeling of the popular pulse, resorting to art and artifice, inquiring about the wind of opinion, and succeeding at last in losing my self-respect without gaining the respect of others.

Man needs more manliness, more real independence. We must take care of ourselves. This we can do by labor, and in this way we can preserve our independence. We should try and chose that business or profession the pursuit of which will give us the most happiness. Happiness is wealth. We can be happy without being rich—without holding office—without being famous. I am not sure that we can be happy with wealth, with office, or with fame.

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What Shall Be Done With the Umemployed?

Our country is filled with the idle and unemployed, and the great question asking for an answer is: What shall be done with these men? Whall these men do? To this there is but one answer: They must cultivate the soil.

Farming must be more attractive. Those who work the land must have an honest pride in their business. They must educate their children to cultivate the soil.

They must make farming easier, so that their children will not hate it themselves. The boys must not be taught that tilling the soil is a curse and almost a disgrace. They must not suppose that education is thrown away upon them unless they become ministers, lawyers, doctors, or statesmen. It must be understood that education can be used to advantage on a farm. We must get rid of the idea that a little learning unfits one for work. There are hundreds of graduates of Yale and Harvard and other colleges, who are agents of sewing machines, solicitors for insurance, clerks, copyists, in short, performing a hundred varieties of menial service. They seem willing to do anything that is not regarded as work—anything that can be done in a town, in the house, in an office, but they avoid farming as they would a leprosy. Nearly every young man educated in this way is simply ruined. Such an education ought to be called ignorance. It is a thousand times better to have common-sense without education, than education without the sense. Boys and girls should be educated to help themselves. They should be taught that it is disgraceful to be idle, and dishonorable to be useless.

I say again, if you want more men and women on the farms, something must be done to make farm-life pleasant. One great difficulty is that the farm is lonely. People write about the pleasures of solitude, but they are found only in books. He who lives long alone becomes insane. A hermit is a mad man. Without friends, and wife and child, there is nothing left worth iving for. The unsocial are the enemies of joy. They are filled with egotism and envy, with vanity and hatred. People who live much alone become narrow and suspic-

ious. They are apt to be the property of one idea. They begin to think there is no use in anything. They look upon the happiness of others as a kind of folly. They hate joyous folks, because, way down in their hearts, they envy them.

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The Race of Life.

There is a quiet about the life of a farmer, and the hope of a serene old age, that no other business or profession can promise. A professional man is doomed some time to feel that his powers are waning. He is doomed to see younger and stronger men pass him in the race of life. He looks forward to an old age of intellectual mediocrity. He will be last where once he was the first. But the farmer goes, as it were, into partnership with nature—he lives with trees and flowers—he breathes the sweet air of the fields. There is no constant and frightful strain upon his mind. His nights are filled with sleep and rest. He watches his flocks and herds as they feed upon the green and sunny slopes. He hears the pleasant rain falling upon the waving corn, and the trees he planted in youth rustle above him as he plants others for the children yet to be.

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The Colonel's Faith in American Labor.

I believe in American labor, and I tell you why. The other day a man told me that we had produced in the United States of America one million tons of rails. How much are they worth? Sixty dollars a ton. In other words, the million tons are worth $60,000,000. How much is a ton of iron worth in the ground?

Twenty-five cents. American labor takes 25 cents of iron in the ground and adds to it $59.75. One million tons of rails, and the raw material not worth $24,000. We build a ship in the United States worth $500,000, and the value of the ore in the earth, of the trees in the great forest, of all that enters into the composition of that ship bringing $500,000 in gold is only $20,000; $480,000 by American labor, American muscle coined into gold; American brains made a legal-tender the world around.

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A Panic Picture.

No man can imagine, all the languages of the world can not express what the people of the United States suffered from 1873 to 1879. Men who considered themselves millionaires found that they were beggars; men living in palaces, supposing they had enough to give sunshine to the winter of their age, supposing they had enough to have all they loved in affluence and comfort, suddenly found that they were mendicants with bonds stocks, mortgages, all turned to ashes in their aged, trembling hands. The chimneys grew cold, the fires in furnaces went out, the poor families were turned adrift, and the highways of the United States were crowded with tramps. Into the home of the poor crept the serpent of temptation, and whispered in the ear of poverty the terrible word "repudiation."

I want to tell you that you cannot conceive of what the American people suffered as they staggered over the desert of bankruptcy from 1873 to 1879. We are too near now to know how grand we were.

Ingersoll on Cookery.

Cooking is one of the fine arts. Give your wives and daughters things to cook, and things to cook with, and they will soon become most excellent cooks. Good cooking is the basis of civilization. The man whose arteries and veins are filled with rich blood made of good and well cooked food, has pluck, courage, endurance and noble impulses. Remember that your wife should have things to cook with.

In the good old days there would be eleven children in the family and only one skillet. Everything was broken or cracked or loaned or lost.

There ought to be a law making it a crime punishable by imprisonment, to fry beefsteak. Broil it; it is just as easy, and when broiled it is delicious. Fried beefsteak is not fit for a wild beast. You can broil even on a stove. Shut the front damper—open the back one, then take off a griddle. There will then be a draft downwards through this opening. Put on your steak, using a wire broiler, and not a particle of smoke will touch it, for the reason that the smoke goes down. If you try to broil it with the front damper open, the smoke will rise. For broiling, coal, even soft coal, makes a better fire than wood.

There is no reason why farmers should not have fresh meat all the year round. There is certainly no sense in stuffing yourself full of salt meat every morning, and making a well or cistern of your stomach for the rest of the day. Every farmer should have an ice house. Upon or near every farm is some stream from which plenty of ice can be obtained, and the long summer days made delightful. Dr. Draper, one of the world's great-

est scientists, says that ice water is healthy, and that It has done away with many of the low forms of fever in the great cities. Ice has become one of the necessaries of civilized life, and without it there is very little comfort.

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What a Dollar Can Do.

Ainsworth R. Spofford—says Col. Ingersoll—gives the following facts about interest:

"One dollar loaned for one hundred years at six per cent., with the interest collected annually and added to the principal, will amount to three hundred and forty dollars. At eight per cent. it amounts to two thousand two hundred and three dollars. At three per cent. it amounts only to nineteen dollars and twenty-five cents. At ten per cent. it is thirteen thousand eight hundred and nine dollars, or about seven hundred times as much. At twelve per cent. it amounts to eighty-four thousand and seventy-five dollars, or more than four thousand times as much. At eighteen per cent. it amounts to fifteen million one hundred and forty-five thousand and seven dollars. At twenty-four per cent. (which we sometimes hear talked of) it reaches the enormous sum of two billion five hundred and fifty-one million seven hundred and ninety-five thousand four hundred and four dollars."

One dollar at compound interest, at twenty-four per cent., for one hundred years, would produce a sum equal to our national debt.

Interest eats night and day, and the more it eats the hungrier it grows. The farmer in debt, lying awake at night, can, if he listens, hear it gnaw. If he owes nothing, he can hear his corn grow. Get out of debt as soon

as you possibly can. You have supported idle avarice and lazy economy long enough.

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Beautify Your Homes.

When I was a farmer it was not fashionable to set out trees, nor to plant vines.

When you visited the farm you were not welcomed by flowers, and greeted by trees loaded with fruit. Yellow dogs came bounding over the tumbled fence like wild beasts. There is no sense—there is no profit in such a life. It is not living. The farmers ought to beautify their homes. There should be trees and grass, and flowers and running vines. Everything should be kept in order; gates should be kept on their hinges, and about all there should be the pleasant air of thrift. In every house there should be a bath-room. The bath is a civilizer, a refiner, a beautifier. When you come from the fields, tired, covered with dust, nothing is so refreshing. Above all things keep clean. It is not necessary to be a pig in order to raise one. In the cool of the evening, after a day in the field, put on clean clothes, take a seat under the trees, 'mid the perfume of flowers surrounded by your family, and you will know what it is to enjoy life like a gentleman.

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Beautiful Thoughts on Various Subjects.

—Nothing is ever made by rascality.

—It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be faithful to himself.

—It will take thousands of years before the world will believingly say "Right makes might."

—It takes a great deal of trouble to raise a good Republican.

—A mortgage casts a shadow on the sunniest field. There is no business under the sun that can pay ten per cent.

—Every good man who has ever lived in the country, no matter whether he has been persecuted or not, has made the world better.

—I know enough to know that agriculture is the basis of all wealth, prosperity and luxury. I know that in the country where the tillers of the fields are free, everybody is free and ought to be prosperous.

—Free speech is the brain of the Republic; an honest ballot is the breath of its life, and honest money is the blood that courses through its veins.

—It is a splendid fact in nature that you cannot put

chains upon the limbs of others without putting corresponding manacles upon your own brain.

—I propose to stand by the Nation. I want the furnaces kept hot. I want the sky to be filled with the smoke of American industry, and upon that cloud of smoke will rest forever the bow of perpetual promise.

—The ballot box is the throne of America ; the ballot box is the ark of the covenant. Unless we see to it that every man who has a right to vote votes, and unless we see to it that every honest vote is counted, the days of the Republic are numbered.

—Why is it that New England, a rock-clad land, blossoms like a rose? Why is it that New York is the Empire State of the great Union? I will tell you. Because you have been permitted to trade in ideas.

—In every government there is something that ought to be preserved ; in every government there are many things that ought to be destroyed. Every good man, every patriot, every lover of the human race, wishes to preserve the good and destroy the bad.

—I despise the doctrine of the State sovereignty. I believe in the rights of the States, but not in the sovreignty of the States. States are political conveniences. Rising above States as the Alps above valleys are the rights of man. Rising above the rights of the government even in this Nation are the sublime rights of the people. Governments are good only so long as they protect human rights. But the rights of a man never should be sacrificed upon the altar of the State or upon the altar of the Nation.

—I am the sole proprietor of myself. No party, no

organization, nas any deed of trust on what little brains I have, and as long as I can get my part of the common air I am going to tell my honest thoughts. One man in the right will finally get to be a majority.

—Years ago I made up my mind that there was no particular argument in slander. I made up my mind that for parties as well as for individuals, honesty in the long run is the best policy. I made up my mind that the people were entitled to know a man's honest thoughts.

—I like a black man who loves this country better than I do a white man who hates it. I think more of a black man who fought for our flag than for any white man who endeavored to tear it out of heaven! I like black friends better than white enemies. And I think more of a man black outside and white inside than I do of one white outside and black inside.

—The old way of farming was a great mistake. Everything was done in the wrong way. It was all work and waste, weariness and want. They used to fence a hundred sixty acres of land with a couple of dogs. Everything was left to the blessed trinity of chance, accident and mistake

—I am in favor of the idea of the great and splendid truth that this is a nation one and indivisible. I deny that we are a confederacy bound together with ropes of cloud and chains of mist. This is a nation, and every man in it owes his first allegiance to the grand old flag for which more blood was shed than for any other flag that waves in the sight of heaven.

—I am not only in favor of free speech, but I am also

in favor of an absolutely honest ballot. There is one king in this country; there is one emperor; there is one supreme czar; and that is the the legally expressed will of the majority of the people. The man who casts an illegal vote, poisons the fountain of power, poisons the spring of justice, aud is a traitor to the only king in this land.

—I have always said; and I say again, that the more liberty there is given away, the more you have. There is room in this world for us all; there is room enough for all of our thoughts; out upon the intellectual sea there is room for every sail, and in the intellectual air there is space for every wing. A man that exercises a right that he will not give to others is a barbarian. A state that does not allow free speech is uncivilized, and is a disgrace to the American Union.

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[The first Chicago visitor, Father Marquette, on his journey, in 1674.]

[UNITED STATES CAPITOL.]

Eloquent Defense of Good Government.

We all want a good Government. If we do not we should have none. We all want to live in a land where the law is supreme. We desire to live beneath a flag that will protect every citizen beneath its folds. We desire to be citizens of a Government so great and so grand that it will command the respect of the civilized world.

Most of us are convinced that our Government is the best upon this earth

It is the only Government where manhood, and manhood alone, is made not simply a condition of citizenship, but where manhood, and manhood alone, permits its possessor to have his equal share in the control of the Government.

It is the only Government where poverty is upon an exact equality with wealth, so far as controlling the

destinies of the Republic is concerned.

It is the only Nation where a man clothed in a rag stands upon an equality with the one wearing purple.

It is the only country in the world where, politically, the hut is upon an equality with the palace.

For that reason, every poor man should stand by that Government, and every poor man who does not is a traitor to the best interests of his children; every poor man who does not is willing his children should bear the badge of political inferiority; and the only way to make this Government a complete and perfect success is for the poorest man to think as much of his manhood as the millionaire does of his wealth.

A man does not vote in this country simply because he is rich; he does not vote in this country simply because he has an education; he does not vote simply be cause he has talent or genius; we say that he votes because he is a man, and that he has his manhood to support: and we admit in this country that nothing can be more valuable to any human being than his manhood; and for that reason we put poverty on an equality with wealth.

We say in this country manhood is worth more than gold. We say in this country that without liberty the Nation is not worth preserving. I appeal to every laboring man, and I ask him, Is there another country on this globe where you can have your equal rights with others? Now, then, in every country, no matter how good it is, and no matter how bad it is—in every country there is something worth preserving, and there is something that ought to be destroyed. Now recollect that every voter is in his own right a king; every voter

in this country wears a crown; every votes in this country has in his hands the scepter of authority; and every voter, poor or rich, wears the purple of authority alike. Recollect it; and the man that will sell his vote is the man that abdicates the American throne.

The man that sells his vote strips himself of the imperial purple, throws away the scepter, and admits that he is less than a man. More than that, the man that will sell his vote for prejudice or for hatred, the man that will be lied out of his vote, that will be slandered out of his vote, that will be fooled out of his vote, is not worthy to be an American citizen.

Now let us understand ourselves. Let us endeavor to do what is right; let us say this country is good—we will make it better; let us say if our children do not live in a Republic it shall not be our fault.

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Our National Colors.

The flag for which the heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we hope to be.

It is the emblem of equal rights.

It means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom.

It means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child.

It means that the schoolhouse is the fortress of liberty.

It means that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed"—that each man is accountable to and for the government—the responsibility goes hand in hand with liberty.

It means that it is the duty of every citizen to bear

his part of the public burden—to take part in the affairs of his town, his county, his state and his country.

It means that the ballot-box is the ark of the covenant—that the source of authority must not be poisoned.

It means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution.

It means that every citizen of the Republic—native or naturalized—must be protected, at home, in every state—abroad, in every land, on every sea.

It means that all distinctions, based on birth or blood, have perished from our laws—that our government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and the strong, between the individual and the corporation, between want and wealth—and give and guarantee simple justice to each and all.

It means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong.

It means national hospitality—that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste—in whose sad faces may be read the touching record of a weary life—and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free.

That flag is an emblem of a supreme will—of a nation's power. Beneath its folds the weakest must be protected and the strongest must obey.

It shields and canopies alike the loftiest mansion and the rudest hut.

That flag was given to the air in the Revolution's darkest days. It represents the sufferings of the past,

the glories yet to be; and, like the bow of heaven, it is the child of storm and sun.

This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads, sacred to the living and the dead; sacred to the scarred and the maimed; sacred to the wives who gave their husbands—to the mothers who gave their sons.

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Good Dollars and Good Times,

If I am fortunate enough to leave a dollar when I die, I want it to be a good one; I don't wish to have it turn to ashes in the hands of widowhood, or become a Democratic broken promise in the pocket of the orphan; I want it money. I saw not long ago a piece of gold bearing the stamp of the Roman Empire. That Empire is dust and over it has been thrown the mantle of oblivion, but that piece of gold is just as good as though Julius Cæsar were still riding at the head of the Roman Legion. I want money that will outlive the Democratic party. They told us—and they were honest about it—they said, "when we have plenty of money we are prosperous." And I said: "When we are prosperous, then we have credit, and, credit inflates the currency. Whenever a man buys a pound of sugar and says, 'Charge it,' he inflates the currency; whenever he gives his note, he inflates the currency; whenever his word takes the place of money, he inflates the currency." The consequence is that when we are prosperous, credit takes the place of money, and we have what we call "plenty." But you can't increase prosperity simply by using promises to pay.

Suppose that you should come to a river that was

about dry, and there you would see the ferryboat, and the gentleman who kept the ferry, high on the sand, and the cracks all opening in the sun filled with loose oakum, looking like an average Democratic mouth listening to a Constitutional argument, and you should say to him:

"How is business;"

He would say, "Dull."

And then you would say to him, "Now, what you want is more boat."

He would probably answer, "If I had a little more water I could get along with this one."

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Ingersoll's Apt Words on State Lines.

In old times, in the year of grace, 1860, if a man wished the army of the United States to pursue a fugitive slave then the army could cross a State line. Whenever it has been necessary to deprive some human being of a right, then we had a right to cross State lines; but whenever we wished to strike the skackles of slavery from a human being we had no right to cross a State line. In other words, when you want to do a mean thing you can step over the line, but if your object is a good one then you shall not do it.

This doctrine of State sovereignty is the meanest doctrine that was ever lodged in the American mind. It is political poison, and if this country is destroyed that doctrine will have done as much toward it as any other one thing. I believe the Union one absolutely. The Democrat tells me that when I am away from home the Government will protect me; but when I am home, when I am sitting around the family fireside of the nation, then the Government cannot protect me; that I

must leave if I want protection. Now I denounce that doctrine. For instance, we are at war with another country, and the American nation comes to me and says: "We want you."

I say: "I won't go."

They draft me, put some names in a wheel, and a man turns it and another pulls out a paper, and my name is on it, and he says: "Come." So I go, and I fight for the flag. When the war is over I go back to my State. Now let us admit that the war has been unpopular, and that when I got to the State the people of that State wished to trample upon my rights, and I cry out to my Government: "Come and defend me; you made me defend you." What ought the Government to do?

I only owe that Government allegiance that owes me my protection. Protection is the other side of the bargain; that is what it must be. And if the Government ought to protect even the man that it drafts, what ought it do for the volunteer, the man who holds his wife for a moment in his tremulous embrace, and kisses his children, wets their cheeks with his tears, shoulders his musket, goes to the field, and says: "Here I am to uphold my flag." A nation that will not protect such a protector is a disgrace to mankind, and its flag a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it waves.

I believe in a Government with an arm long enough to reach the collar of any rascal beneath its flag.

I want it with an arm long enough and a sword sharp enougn to strike down tyranny wherever it may raise its snaky head.

I want a nation that can hear the faintest cries of its

humbiest citizen.

I want a nation that will protect a freedman standing in the sun by his little cabin, just as quick as it would protect Vanderbilt in his palace of marble and gold.

I believe in a Government that can cross a State line on an errand of mercy. I believe in a Government that can cross a State line when it wishes to do justice. I do not believe that a sword turns to air at a State line. I want a government that will protect me. I am here (Rockford, Ill.) to-day—do I stand here because the flag of Illinois is above me? I want no flag of Illinois, and if I were to see it I should not know it. I am here to-day under the folds of the flag of my country, for which more good, blessed blood has been shed than for any other flag in this world. I have as much right to speak here as if I had been born right here.

That is the country in which I believe; that is the nation that commands my respect, that protects all.

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Good Money.

Call it "fiat" money—call it what you please; the reason that a gold dollar is worth a dollar is, because you can buy the results of the same amount of labor that it took to dig that gold dollar and to mint it, including all the fellows that hunted and didn't find it.

If you take a piece of paper and say that it represents $5 or $10, it only represents it because there is a promise to pay that money—it is only good when you believe that the man or Government that made the promise is good, and you can't go beyond it.

Suppose you could blot from your mind, and there was no such thing as gold and silver—what is a dollar, just

leaving gold and silver entirely out? You have got a "fiat" bill that says it is $10, and is valuable because it never will be redeemed. Gold and silver is valuable of itself. When I take a $10 gold piece and go to England, I have to sell it the same as a bushel of corn, and all that spread-eagle nonsence doesn't add one farthing to its value. And when a sovereign comes here from England, we don't care anything about the beautiful picture of Queen Victoria or any other girl.

It is worth so much and no more. But they say it is the stamp of the government that makes it valuable. Why not stamp them tens, thousands or millions, and let us all be millionaires? It won't do! We will never get prosperity in that way. Slowly, slowly, steadily and surely the world has had more and more confidence in the industry, the honesty and the integrity of the American people, and to that extent our money has advanced until it has finally clasped hands upon an equality with the precious metals. We are just inside of port. We came in tempest-tossed; every sail torn and rent, and every mast by the side; and these wreckers stand on the shore and say, "If you want prosperity, put out to sea once more." We don't want to—we want honest methods. No man lives in a country whose money is under par, that he does not feel a little under par himself. I never took out a bill that was at 2 or 3 per cent. discount that I did not feel a little that way, too. This great and splendid Republic, with the most intelligent and the best people in the world,—and I say the most honest,—I want its promise to be as good in every part of the world as the promise of any other nation. I want the greenback to be preserved; I want to have gold

and silver behind it; I want it so that if I should go into the farthest isle of the Pacific and should take out a greenback a savage would look at it and his eyes would glitter as if he looked at gold. Then you feel like you are somebody; like you had a great and splendid nation, and even that old flag would look better if every promise of the United States had been redeemed. And you never know how much you feel like that until you go to a foreign country. When I was there a few days ago, I just happened to see that old flag; it looked to me as if the air had just blossomed out. I want to feel that a man is capable of governing himself, and that a Republican government is the very acme and hight of national honor.

BONDS AND GREENBACKS.

What for? Why, to buy shot and shell and muskets to shoot enough Democrats to save the Union. There was a division then forced on the people of the country, not into Democrats and Republicans, but into patriots and traitors; and thousands and thousands went out of the Democratic party to aid the Government to put down the rebellion. But every one who thus went into the service of the country, was then known as a Republican, and those who were against the Government were known as Democrats. These Democrats went into the markets of the world, and they maligned and they slandered these efforts to raise money to sustain the Government in its time of trial. They said, "Your bonds can never be paid, and your greenbacks are unconstitutional;" and to such an extent did they so slander and malign and calumniate the Government that at one time gold was 290, which meant that a greenback was

ike a Chinese wall. I believe when one party can cross a State line to put a chain on, another party can cross it to take a chain off. "Why," you say, "you want the Federal Government to interfere with the rights of a State." Yes, I do, if necessary. I want the ear of the Government acute enough and arm long enough to reach a wronged man in any State. A government that will not protect its protectors is no government. Its flag is a dirty rag. That is not my government. I want a government that will protect its citizens at home. The Democratic doctrine is that a government can only protect its citizens abroad. If a father can't protect his children at home, depend upon it, he can't do much for them when they are abroad.

Think of it! Here's a war. They come to me in Illinois and draft me. I say to the Federal Government, "You told me I owed my first allegiance to you, and I had to go to war. Now, I say to you, You owe your first allegiance to me. and I want you to protect me!"

The Federal Government says to me, Oh, you must ask your State to request it."

I say, "That's just what they won't do!" Such a condition of things is perfectly horrible!"

If so with a man who is drafted, what will you say of a volunteer? Yet that's the Democratic doctrine of Federal Government. It won't do! And you know it!

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Some Laughable Remarks About Money With Illustrations.

They say that money is a measure of value. 'Tisn't so. A bushel doesn't measure values. It measures diamonds as well as potatoes. If it measured values, a bushel of potatoes would be worth as much as a bushel of diamonds. A yard-stick doesn't measure values. They used to say, "there's no use in having a gold yard-stick." That is right. You don't buy the yard-stick. If money bore the same relation to trade as a yard-stick or half-bushel, you would have the same money when you got through trading as you had when you begun. A man don't sell half-bushels. He sells corn. All we want is a little sense about these things.

We were in trouble. The thing was discussed. Some said there wasn't enough money. That's so; I know what that means myself. They said if we had more money we'd be more prosperous. The truth is, if we were more prosperous we'd have more money. They said more money would facilitate business.

Suppose a shareholder in a railroad that had earned $18,000 in the past year should look over the books and find that in that year the railroad had used $12,000 worth of grease. The next year, suppose the earnings should fall off $5,000, and the man, in looking over the accounts, should learn that in that year the road had used only $500 worth of grease! Suppose the man should say: "The trouble is we want more grease." What would you think of a man if he discharged the superintendent for not using more grease?

I said, years ago, that resumption would come only by prosperity, and the only way to pay debts was by

labor. I knew that every man who raised a bushel of corn helped resumption. It was a question of crops, a question of industry.

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An Amusing Story.

You Greenbackers are like the old woman in the Tewksbury, Mass., Poor-House. She used to be well off, and didn't like her quarters. You Greenbackers have left your father's house of many mansions and have fed on shucks about long enough. The Supervisor came into the Poor-House one day and asked the old lady how she liked it. She said she didn't like the company, and asked him what he would advise her to do under similar circumstances.

"Oh. you'd better stay. You're prejudiced," said he.

"Do you think anybody is ever prejudiced in their sleep?" asked the old lady. "I had a dream the other night. I dreamed I died and went to Heaven. Lots of nice people were there. A nice man came to me and asked me where I was from. Says I, 'From Tewksbury, Mass.'

"He looked in his book and said, 'You can't stay here.'

"I asked what he would advise me to do under similar circumstances.

" 'Well," he said, "there's Hell down there, you might try that.'

"Well, I went down there, and the man told me my name wasn't on the book and I couldn't stay there. 'Well,' said I, 'what would you advise me to do under similar circumstances.'

"Said he, 'You'll have to go back to Tewksbury.' "

And when Greenbackers remember what they once were, you must feel now, when you were forced to join the Democratic party, as bad as the old lady who had to go back to Tewksbury.

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Money and Yardsticks.

A thousands theories were born of want; a thousand theories were born of the fertile brain of trouble; and these people said after all; "What is money? Why it is only a measure of value, just the same as a half-bushel or yard-stick." True. And consequently it makes no difference whether your half-bushel is of wood, or gold, or silver, or paper; and it makes no difference whether your yardstick is gold or paper. But the trouble about that statement is this: A half-bushel is not a measure of value; it is a measure of quantity, and it measures rubies, diamonds and pearls, precisely the same as corn and wheat. The yardstick is not a measure of value; it is a measure of length, and it measures lace, worth $100 a yard, precisely as it does cent tape. And another reason why it makes no difference to the purchaser whether the half-bushel is gold or silver, or whether the yardstick is gold or paper, you don't buy the yardstick; you don't get the half-bushel in the trade. And if it was so with money—if the people that had the money at the start of the trade, kept it after the consummation of the bargain—then it wouldn't make any difference what you made your money of. But the trouble is, the money changes hands. And let me say right here, money is a thing—thing is a product of nature—and you can no more make a "fiat" dollar than a fiat star.

Bright Money.

Now listen: No civilized nation, no barbarous nation, no tribe, however ignorant, ever used anything as money that man could make. They had always used for money a production of nature. Some may say, "Have not some uncivilized tribes used beads for money?" Yes, but a savage tribe could not make beads. The savage tribes believed them to be a product either of nature or of something else they could not imitate.

Nothing has ever been considered money among any people on this globe that those people could make. What is a greenback? The greenbacks are a promise, not money. You can not make a fiat dollar any more than you can make a fiat store. You can make a promise, and that promise may be made by such a splendid man that it will pass among all who know him as a dollar; but it is not a dollar. You might as well tell me that a bill of fare is a dinner. The greenback is only good now because you can get gold for it. If you could not get gold for it it would not be worth any more than a ticket for dinner after the fellow who issued the ticket had quit keeping hotel. A dollar must be made of something that nature has produced.

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Repudiation.

The mechanic said "No;" the ruined manufacturer said "No;" the once millionaire said "No, we will settle fair; we will agree to pay whether we ever pay or not, and we will never soil the American name with the infamous word, 'repudiation.'" Are you not glad? What is the talk? Are you not glad that our flag is covered all over with financial honors? The stars shine and gleam now because they represent an honest nation.

I think there is the greatest heroism in living for a thing! There's no glory in digging for potatoes. You don't wear a uniform when you're picking up stones. You can't have a band of music when you dig potatoes! In 1873 came the great crash. We staggered over the desert of bankruptcy. No one can estimate the anguish of that time. Millionaires found themselves paupers. Palaces were exchanged for hovels. The aged man, who hod spent his life in hard labor, and who thought he had accumulated enough to support himself in his old age, and leave a little something to his children and grandchildren, found they were all beggars. The highways were filled with tramps.

Then it was that the serpent of temptation whispered in the ear of want that dreadful word "Repudiation." An effort was made to repudiate. They appealed to want, to misery, to threatened financial ruin, to the bare hearthstones, to the army of beggars. We had grandeur enough to say: "No; we'll settle fair if we don't pay a cent!" And we'll pay it. 'Twas grandeur! Is there a Democrat now who wishes we had taken the

advice of Bayard to scale the bonds? Is there an American, a Democrat here, who is not glad we escaped the stench and shame of repudiation, and did not take Democratic advice? Is there a Greenbacker here who is not glad we didn't do it? He may say he is, but he isn't. We then had to pay 7 per cent. interest on our bonds. Now we only pay 4. Our greenbacks were then at 10 per cent. discount. Now they are at par. How would an American feel to be in Germany or France and hear it said that the United States repudiated? We have found out that money is something that can't be made. We have found out that money is a product of Nature. When a nation is hard up, it is right and proper for it to give its notes, and it should pay them. We have found out that it is better to trust for payment to the miserly cleft of the rocks than to any Congress blown about by the wind of demagogs. We want our money good in any civilized nation. Yes, we want it good in Central Africa! And when a naked Hottentot sees a United States greenback blown about by the wind, he will pick it up as eagerly as if it was a lump of gold. They say even now that money is a device to facilitate exchanges. 'Tisn't so! Gold is not a device. Silver is not a device. You might as well attempt to make fiat suns, moons, and stars as a fiat dollar.

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The Tariff.

Where did this doctrine of a tariff for revenue only come from? From the South. The South would like to stab the prosperity of the North. They had rather trade with Old England than with New England. They

had rather trade with the people who were willing to help them in war than those who conquered the rebellion. They knew what gave us our strength in war. They knew that all the brooks and creeks and rivers in New England were putting down the rebellion. They knew that every wheel turned, every spindle that revolved, was a soldier in the army of human progress.. It won't do. They were so lured by the greed of office that they were willing to trade upon the misfortunes of a nation. It won't do. I don't wish to belong to a party that succeeds only when my country falls. I don't wish to belong to a party whose banner went up with the banner of rebellion. I don't wish to belong to a party that was in partnership with defeat and disaster. I don't. And there isn't a Democrat here but what knows that a failure of the crops this year would have helped his party. You know that an early frost would have been a godsend to them. You know that the potato bug could have done them more good than all their speakers.

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Ingersoll's History of State Sovereignty.

This doctrine of State sovereignty has to be done away with; we have got to stamp it out. Let me tell you its history: The first time it ever appeared was when they wished to keep the slave trade alive until 1808. The first resort to this doctrine was for the protection of piracy and murder, and the next time they appealed to it was to keep the inter-state slave trade alive, so that a man in Virginia could sell the very woman that nursed him, to the rice fields of the South. It was done so they could raise mankind as a crop. It

was a crop that they could thresh the year around.

The next time they appealed to the doctrine was in favor of the Fugitive Slave law, so that every white man in the North was to become a hound to bay upon the track of the fugitive slave. Under that law the North agreed to catch women and give them back to the bloodhounds of the South. Under that infamy men and women were held and were kidnapped under the shadow of the dome of the National Capitol. If the Democratic party had remained in power it would be so now. The South said: "Be friends with us, all we want is to steal labor; be friends with us, all we want of you is to have you catch our slaves; be friends with us, all we want of you is to be in partnership in the business of slavery, and we are to take all the money and you are to have the disgrace and dishonor for your share." The dividend didn't suit me.

The next time they appealed to the doctrine of State rights was that they might extend the area of human slavery; it was that they might desecrate the fair fields of Kansas.

The next time they appealed to this infamous doctrine was in secession and treason; so now, when I hear any man advocate this doctrine, I know that he is not a friend of my country, he is not a friend of humanity, of liberty, nor of progress.

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A Dark Picture.

This world has not been fit to live in fifty years There is no liberty in it—very little. Why, it is only a few years ago that all the Christian nations were engaged in the slave trade. It was not until 1808 that England

abolished the slave trade, and up to that time her priests in her churches, and her judges on her benches, owned stock in slave ships, and luxuriated on the profits of piracy and murder; and when a man stood up and denounced it, they mobbed him as though he had been a

common burglar or a horse thief. Think of it! It was not until the 28th day of August, 1833, that England abolished slavery in her colonies; and it was not until the first day of January, 1863, that Abraham Lincoln, by direction of the entire North, wiped that infamy out of this country; and I never speak of Abraham Lincoln

but I want to say that he was, in my judgment, in many respects the grandest man ever President of the United States. I say that upon his tomb there ought to be this line—and I know of no other man deserving it so well as he: "Here lies one who having been clothed with almost absolute power never abused it except on the side of mercy."

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What the Colonel Has Seen and What He Wants to See.

I have been in countries where the laboring man had meat once a year; sometimes twice—Christmas and Easter. And I have seen women carry upon their heads a burden that no man would like to carry, and at the same time knitting busily with both hands. And those women lived without meat; and when I thought of the American laborer I said to myself, "After all, my country is the best in the world." And when I came back to the sea and saw the old flag flying in the air, it seemed to me as though the air from pure joy had burst into blossoms.

Labor has more to eat and more to wear in the United States than any other land on this earth. I want America to produce everything that Americans need. I want it so if the whole world should declare war against us, so if we were surrounded by walls of cannons and bayonets and swords, we could supply all our human wants in and of ourselves. I want to live to see the American woman dressed in American silk; the American man in everything from hat to boots produced in America by the cunning hand of the American toiler.

I want to see a workingman have a good, house painted white, grass in the front yard, carpets on the floor and pictures on the wall. I want to see him a man feeling that he is a king by the divine right of living in the Republic. And every man here is just a little bit a king, you know. Every man here is a part of the sovereign power. Every man wears a little of purple; every man has a little of crown and a little of sceptre; and every man that will sell his vote for money or be ruled by prejudice is unfit to be an American citizen

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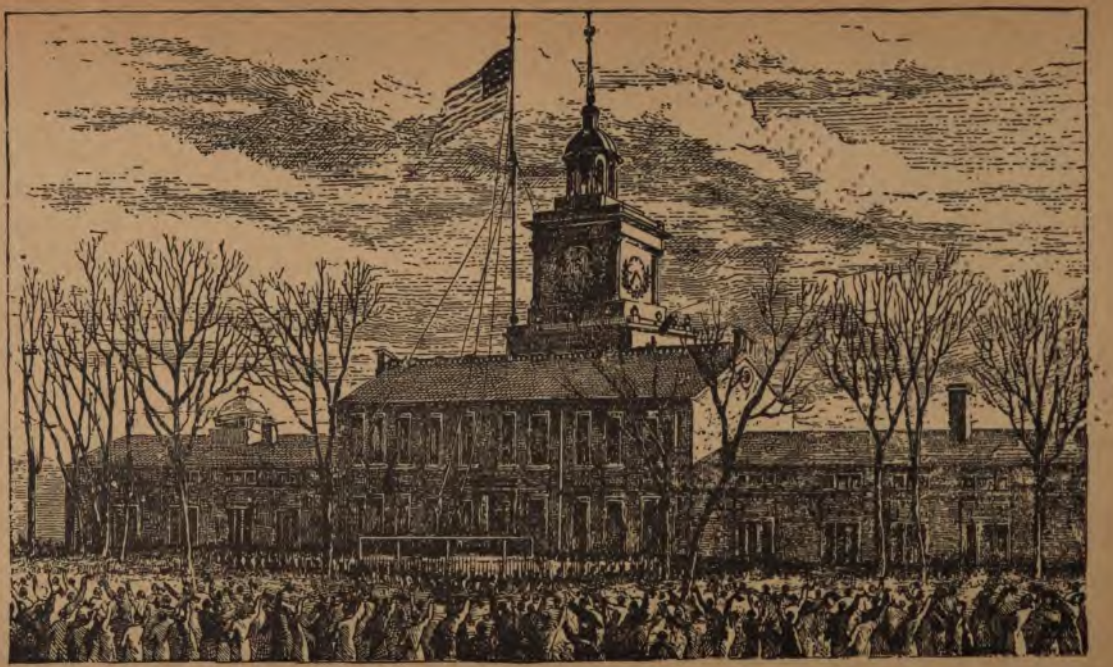
The Struggle for Liberty.

Seven long years of war—fighting for what? For the principle that all men are created equal—a truth that nobody ever disputed except a scoundrel; nobody in the entire history of this world. No man ever denied *that* truth who was not a rascal, and at heart a thief; never, never, and never will. What else were they fighting for? Simply that in America every man should have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Nobody ever denied that except a villain; never, never. It has been denied by kings—they were thieves. It has been denied by statesmen—they were liars. It has been denied by priests, by clergymen, by cardinals, by bishops and by popes—they were hypocrites.

What else were they fighting for? For the idea that all political power is vested in the great body of the people. They make all the money; do all the work. They plow the land; cut down the forests; they produce everything that is produced. Then who shall say what shall be done with what is produced, except the pro-



LINCOLN RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.
FEB. 21, 1862. (102)

ducer? Is it the non-producing thief, sitting on a throne surrounded by vermin?

The history of civilization is the history of the slow and painful enfranchisement of the human race. In the olden times the family was a monarchy, the father being the monarch. The mother and children were the veriest slaves. The will of the father was the supreme law He had the power of life and death. It took thousands of years to civilize this father, thousands of years to make the condition of wife and mother and children even tolerable. A few families constituted a tribe, the tribe had a chief; the chief was a tyrant; a few tribes formed a nation; the nation was governed by a king, who was also a tyrant. A strong nation robbed, plundered and took captive the weaker ones.

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America's Coming Greatness.

Standing here amid the sacred memories of the first century, on the golden threshold of the second, I ask, will the second century be as grand as the first? I believe it will, because we are growing more and more humane; I believe there is more human kindness, and a greater desire to help one another, than in all the world besides.

We must progress. We are just at the commencement of invention. The steam engine—the telegraph—these are but the toys with which science has been amused. There will be grander things; there will be wider and higher culture—a grander standard of character, of literature and art.

We have now half as many millions of people as we

have years. We are getting more real solid sense. We are writing and reading more books; we are struggling more and more to get at the philosophy of life, of things—trying more and more to answer the questions of the eternal Sphinx. We are looking in every direction—investigating; in short, we are thinking and working.

The world has changed. I have had the supreme pleasure of seeing a man—once a slave—sitting in the seat of his former master in the Congress of the United States. I have had that pleasure, and when I saw it my eyes were filled with tears, I felt that we had carried out the Declaration of Independence, that we had given reality to it, and breathed the breath of life into its every word. I felt that our flag would float over and protect the colored man and his little children—standing straight in the sun, just the same as though he were white and worth a million.

All who stand beneath our banner are free. Ours is the only flag that has in reality written upon it: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the three grandest words in all the languages of men. Liberty: Gives to every man the fruit of his own labor—the labor of his hand and of his brain. Fraternity: Every man in the right is my brother. Equality: The rights of all are equal. No race, no color, no previous condition, can change the rights of men. The Declaration of Independence has at last been carried out in letter and in spirit. The second century will be grander than the first. To-day the black man looks upon his child and says: The avenues of distinction are open to you—upon your brow may fall the civic wreath. We are celebrating the courage and

wisdom of our fathers, and the glad shout of a free people, the anthem of a grand nation, commencing at the Atlantic, is following the sun to the Pacific, across a continent of haypy homes We are a great people. Three millions have increased to fifty—thirteen states to thirty-eight. We have better homes, and more of the conveniences of life than any other people upon the face of the globe. The farmers of our country live better than did the kings and princes two hundred years ago—and they have twice as much sense and heart. Liberty and labor have given us all. Remember that all men have equal rights. Remember that the man who acts best his part —who loves his friends the best—is most willing to help others—truest to the obligation—who has the best heart —the most feeling—the deepest sympathies—and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself, is the best man. We have disfranchised the aristocrats of the air and have given one country to mankind.

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State Sovereignty and Human Slavery.

Let me tell you a few objections I have got to State Sovereignty. That doctrine has never been appealed to for any good. The first time it was appealed to was when our Constitution was made. And the object then was to keep the slave trade open until the year 1808. The object then was to make the sea the highway of piracy—the object then was to allow American citizens to go into the business of selling men and woman and children, and feed their cargo to the sharks of the sea, and the sharks of the sea were as merciful as they. That was the first time that the appeal to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was made, and the next time was for the purpose of keeping alive the inter-state of slave trade, so that a gentleman in Virginia could sell his slave to the rice and cotton plantations of the South. Think of it! It was made so they could rob the cradle in the name of law. Think of it! Think of it! And the next time they appealed to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law—a law that made a bloodhound of every Northern man; that made charity a crime. A law that made love a State prison offense; that branded the forehead of charity as if it were a felon. Think of it! A law that, if a woman ninety-nine one hundredths white had escaped from slavery, had traversed forests, had been torn by briars, had crossed rivers, had traveled at night and in darkness, and had finally got within one step of free soil with the whole light of the North star shining in her tear-filled eyes, with her little babe on her withered bosom—a law that declared it the duty of Northern men to clutch that woman and turn her back to the domination of the hounds and lash. (Tremendous applause.) I have no

respect for any man, living or dead, who voted for that law. I have no respect for any man who would carry it out. I never had.

The next time they appealed to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was to increase the area of human slavery, so that the blood-hound with clots of blood dropping from his loose and hanging jaws, might traverse the billowy plains of Kansas. Think of it! The Democratic party then said the Federal Government had a right to cross the State line. And the next time they appealed to that infamous doctrine was in defense of secession and treason; a doctrine that cost us six thousand millions of dollars; a doctrine that cost four hundred thousand lives; a doctrine that filled our country with widows, our homes with orphans. And I tell you the doctrine of State Sovereignty is the viper in the bosom of this Republic, and if we do not kill this viper it will kill us. (Long continued applause.)

The Democrats tell us that in the olden time the Federal Government had a right to cross a State line to put shackles upon the limbs of men. It had a right to cross a State line to trample upon the rights of human beings, but now it has no right to cross those lines upon an errand of mercy or justice. We are told that now, when the Federal Government wishes to protect a citizen, a State line rises like a Chinese wall, and the sword of Federal power turns to air the moment it touches one of those lines. I deny it and I despise, abhor and execrate the doctrine of State Sovereignty. (Applause.) The Democrats tell us if we wish to be protected by the Federal Government we must leave home. (Laughter.) I wish they would try it (applause)

for about ten days. (Great laughter.) They say the Federal Government can defend a citizen in England, France, Spain or Germany, but can not defend a child of the Republic sitting around the family hearth. I deny it. A Government that cannot protect its citizen at home is unfit to be called a Government. (Applause.) I want a Government with an arm long enough and a sword sharp enough to cut down treason wherever it may raise its serpent head. (Applause.) I want a Gov. ernment that will protect a freedman, standing by his little log hut, with the same efficiency that it would protect Vanderbilt living in a palace of marble and gold. (Applause.) Humanity is a sacred thing, and manhood is a thing to be preserved. Let us look at it. For instance, here is a war, and the Federal Government says to a man, "We want you," and he says, "No, I don't want to go," and then they put a lot of pieces of paper in a wheel and on one of those pieces is his name and another man turns the crank, and then they pull it out and there is his name, and they say "Come," and so he goes. (Laughter.) And they stand him in front of the brazen throated guns; they make him fight for his native land, and when the war is over he goes home and he finds the war has been unpopular in his neighborhood, and they trample upon his rights, and he says to the Federal Government, "Protect me." And he says to that Government, "I owe my allegiance to you. You must protect me." What will you say of that Government if it says to him, "You must look to your State for protection." "Ah, but," he says, "my State is the very power trampling upon me," and, of course, the robber is not going to send for the police. (Applause.) It

is the duty of the Government to defend even its drafted men; and if that is the duty of the Government, what shall I say of the volunteer, who for one moment holds his wife in a tremulous and agonizing embrace, kisses his children, shoulders his musket, goes to the field, and says, "Here I am, ready to die for my native land." (A voice, "Good.") A nation that will not defend its volunteer defenders is a disgrace to the man of this world. A flag that will not protect its protectors is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it waves. (Applause.) This is a Nation. Free speech is the brain of the Republic, an honest ballot is the breath of its life; honest money is the blood of its veins; and the idea of nationality is its great beating, throbbing heart. (Applause.) I am for a Nation.—If those who press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be a common faith treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness, and I should rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

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Protecting American Labor.

There is another thing in which I believe; I believe in the protection of American labor. The hand that holds Aladdin's lamp must be the hand of toil. This Nation rests upon the shoulders of its workers, and I want the American laboring man to have enough to wear; I want him to have enough to eat; I want him to have something for the ordinary misfortunes of life; I want him to have the pleasure of seeing his wife well dressed; I want him to see a few blue ribbons fluttering about his children; I want him to see the flags of health flying in their beautiful cheeks; I want him to feel that this is his country, and the shield of protection is above his labor.

And I will tell you why I am for protection, too. If we were all farmers we would be stupid. If we all followed one business, no matter what it was, we would become stupid. Protection to American labor diversifies American industry, and to have it diversified touches and developes every part of the human brain. Protection protects integrity; it protects intelligence; and protection raises sense; and by protection we have greater men and better looking women and healthier children. (Applause.) Free trade means that our laborer is upon an equality with the poorest paid labor of this world. And allow me to tell you that for an empty stomach, "Hurrah for Cleveland" is a poor consolation,

(Laughter.) I do not think much of a government where the people do not have enough to eat. I am a materialist to the extent; I want some thing to eat. I have been in countries where the laboring man had meat once a year; sometimes twice—Christmas and Easter. And I have seen women carry upon their heads a burden that no man in the audience could carry, and at the same time knitting busily with both hands, and those women lived without meat; and when I thought of the American laborer, I said to myself, "After all, my country is the best in the world." (Applause.) And when I came back to the sea and saw the old flag flying in the air, it seemed to me as though the air from pure joy had burst into blossom. (Applause.)

Labor has more to eat and more to wear in the United States than in any other land of this earth. (Applause.) I want America to produce everything that Americans need. I want it so if the whole world should declare war against us, so if we were surrounded by walls of cannons and bayonets and swords, we could supply all our human wants in and of ourselves. (Applause.) I want to live to see the American woman dressed in American silk; and the American man in everything from hat to boots produced in America (applause), by the cunning hand of the American toiler. I want to see workingmen have a good house, painted white, grass in the front yard, carpets on its floor, pictures on the wall. (Applause.) I want to see him a man feeling that he is a king by the divine right of living in the Republic. (Applause,) And every man here is just a little bit a king, you know. Every man here is part of the sovereign power. Every man wears a little of purple; every man

has a little of crown and a little of scepter; and every man that will sell his vote for money or be ruled by prejudice is unfit to be an American citizen. (Applause.)

I believe in American labor, and I tell you why. The other day a man told me that we had produced in the United States of America one million tons of rails. How much are they worth? Sixty dollars a ton. In other words, the million tons are worth $60,000,000. How much is a ton of iron worth in the ground? Twenty-five cents. American labor takes twenty-five cents' worth of iron in the ground and adds to it $59.75. (Applause.) One million tons of rails, and the raw material not worth $24,000. We build a ship in the United States worth $500,000, and the value of the ore in the earth, of the trees in the great forest, of all that enters into the composition of that ship bringing $500,000 in gold, is only $20,000; $480,000 by American labor, American muscle, coined into gold; American brains made a legal tender the world around. (Applause.)

SOURCE OF THE FREE TRADE DOCTRINE.

I propose to stand by the Nation. I want the furnaces kept hot. I want the sky to be filled with the smoke of American industry, and upon that cloud of smoke will rest forever the bow of perpetual promise. ("Good," "good;" great cheers.) That is what I am for. (A voice, "So are we all.") Yes sir. (Laughter.) Where did this doctrine of a tariff for revenue come from? From the South. The South would like to stab the prosperity of the North. They had rather trade with Old England than with New England. They had rather trade with the people who were willing to help them in war than those who conquered the rebellion. (Great

cheers.) They knew what gave us our strength in war. They knew that all the brooks and creeks and rivers of New England were putting down the rebellion. They knew that every wheel that turned, every spindle that revolved, was a soldier in the army of human progress. It won't do. (Great applause.) They were so lured by the greed of office that they were willing to trade upon the misfortune of a Nation. It won't do. I don't wish to belong to a party that succeeds only when my country falls. I don't wish to belong to a party whose banner went up with the banner of rebellion. I don't wish to belong to a party that was in partnership with defeat and disaster. I don't. (Applause.) And there isn't a Democrat here but what knows that a failure of the crop this year would have helped his party. (Applause. You know that an early frost would have been a God-send to them. (Applause.) You know that the potato bug could have done them more good than all their speakers. (Great applause.)

I wish to belong to that party which is prosperous when the country is prosperous. I belong to that party which is not poor when the golden billows are running over the seas of wheat. I belong to that party that is prosperous when there are oceans of corn, and when the cattle are upon the thousand hills. I belong to that party which is prosperous when the furnaces are aflame; and when you dig coal and iron and silver; when everybody has enough to eat; when everybody is happy; when the children are all going to school (applause); and when joy covers my Nation as with a garment. (Applause.) That party which is prosperous, then, that is my party.

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What is a Capitalist?

Every man who has good health is a capitalist; every one with good sense, every one who has had his dinner and has enough left for supper, is to that extent a capitalist. Every man with a good character, who has the credit to borrow a dollar or to buy a meal is a capitalist; and nine out of ten of the capitalists in the United States are simply successful workingmen. There is no conflict, and can be no conflict, in the United States between capital and labor, and the men who endeavor to excite the envy of the unfortunate, the malice of the poor, such men are the enemies of law and order.

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How Wealth is Accumulated.

As a rule wealth is the result of industry, economy, attention to business; and, as a rule, poverty is the result of idleness, extravagance, and inattention to business, though to these rules there are thousands of exceptions. The man who has wasted his time, who has thrown away his opportunities, is apt to envy the man who has not. For instance, here are six shoemakers working in one shop. One of them attends to his business; you can hear the music of his hammer late and early; he is in love, it may be, with some girl on the next street; he has made up his mind to be a man; to succeed, to make somebody else happy, to have a home; and while he is working, in his imagination, he can see his own fireside with the light falling upon the faces of wife and child.

The other five gentlemen work as little as they can, spend Sunday in dissipation, have a headache Monday and, as a result, never advance. The industrious one, the one in love, gains the confidence of his employer, and in a little while he cuts out work for these other fellows. The first thing you know he has a shop of his own, the next a store, because the man of reputation, the man of character, the man of known integrity, can buy all he wishes in the United States upon a credit. The next thing you know he is married, and he has built him a house, and he is hapyy, and his dream has been realized. After awhile, the same five shoemakers, having pursued the old course, stand on the corner some Sunday when he rides by. He has got a carriage; his wife sits by his side, her face covered with smiles, and they have got two children, their faces beaming with joy,

and the blue ribbons fluttering in the wind. And thereupon these five shoemakers adjourn to some neighboring saloon and pass a resolution that there is an irrepressible conflict between capital and labor.

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The Work of the Democracy.

Recollect, my friends, that it was the Democratic party that did these devilish things when the great heart of the North was filled with agony and grief. Recollect that they did these things when the futnre of your country and mine was trembling in the balance of war; recollect that they did these things when the question was liberty, or slavery and perish; recollect that they did these things when your brothers, husbands and dear ones were bleeding or dying on the battle-fields of the South, lying there alone at night, the blood slowly oozing through the wounds of death; when your brothers, husbands and sons were lying in the hospitals, dreaming of home pictures they loved. Recollect that the Democracy did these things when those dear to you were in the prison pens, with no covering at night except the sky, with no food but what the wor ns refused, with no friends except insanity and death.

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Intelligence Not the Doctrine of Hatred.

But they say to me, "You are preaching the doctrine of hatred." It is not true. I believe in passing the same laws for the South as we do for the North. The law that is good for the North is good for the South, no matter how hot it is. A law that is good for the North is good for the South; climate has no influence upon jus-

tice. The mercury cannot rise high enough to make wrong right. If climate affected law, we ought to have two sets of law in this country, one for the winter and one for the summer. I would give to them the same laws that we have; I would improve their rivers; I would build up their commerce; I would improve their harbors; I would treat them in every respect precisely as though every man voted the Republican ticket. Then, if that is hatred, that is the doctrine I preach; I know they are as they have to be; I know they are as their institutions made them. Every Southern man and every Northern man is the result of an infinite number of forces behind. They are what they are, because they have to be, and there is only one lever capable of raising them, and that is intelligence. And I propose to keep them out of power until they have the intelligence. I do not hate them. They probably did as well under the circumstances, as well as we would have done under the same circumstances. But as long as they are wrong I do not wish to see them in power. That is all the hatred I have.

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Paper Not Money.

You can not make money by resolving (laughter); you can not make money by law any more than yon can make oats and corn by a resolution in a political meeting. Lord! Lord! I wish I could! I wish this Government could make money. What a rich Nation we would be. If the Government can make money, why does it collect taxes? Why should the sun borrow a candle? Here is a poor man working upon his farm the

whole year, through rain and shine and storm, day and night, and at the end of the year people come to him and want $125 taxes. If the Government can make a $1,000 bill in a second, why should it follow up that poor man? I wish the Government could make money, and that I could get my share now. I regret that the Aladdin palace made by the Greenback party consisted only of glorified mist. I am sorry that its dome was only a rainbow of hope. I wish it had been a reality. I wish the government could make money out of paper so that the luxuries of the world would be at American feet. I wish we could make money so that we could put every poor man in a palace. I wish we could make money so that our life should be a continual and perpetual feast. But the trouble is, we can't; that is the trouble.

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Money Does Not Make Prosperity.

Now, then, my friends, if there is a solitary Greenbacker here, now in the Democratic party, that once belonged to the Republican party, I ask him to come out. I ask him to admit that to-day we have got money enough. I want him to admit that an amonnt of money does not make prosperity, but prosperity makes the money. I want him to admit that when the country is prosperous then every man trusts his neighbor, but if you buy a pound of sugar on credit then you inflate the currency. If you give your note for a horse, then you inflate the currency; if you give a mortgage or deed of trust, you inflate the currency; and every fellow that says "Chatge it," inflates the currency. So that in times of

prosperity—that is to say, that in times of general confidence—we have all the money we want.

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Tramps.

I sympathize with the wanderers, with the vagrants out of work, with the sad and weary men who are seeking for work. When I see one of these men, poor and friendless—no matter how bad he is, I think that somebody loved him once—that he was once held in the arms of a mother—that he slept beneath her loving eyes and wakened in the light of her smile. I see him in the cradle, listening to lullabies, sung soft and low, and his little face is dimpled as though touched with the rosy fingers of joy. And then I think of the strange and winding paths—the weary roads he has traveled from that mother's arms to vagrancy and want.

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National Prosperity.

Since 1873 thousands of millions of articles have been made that could not be sold, and I may say that a majority of the men who have been employed are bankrupts to-day. Let us be honest, let us teach others to be honest, and let us tell these men not to envy the man who has been successful. That is not right; there is no sense in that. Let each one rely on himself and help others all he can. and let all understand that we are entering upon an era of prosperity such as America never knew before.

We are a great people; we are a free people; we make our own laws; we have the power in our own hands; we

can protect ourselves, and I beg the laboring man to see that the laws are all enforced. We want honest money, so that when a man gets a little laid by for wife and children when he is dead, that it will be a consolation to him, so that he will know that it will stay good after he

is dead; that it will in some degree take his place and buy food and clothing, so that he will not be compelled to close his eyes on fiat money.

I am in favor of having that as money which no human being can create. I believe in gold and silver; I believe in silver because that is one of the great productions of

our country, and when you add a use to a thing you add a value to that thing, and I want silver money; but I want a silver dollar big enough to be a gold dollar, if you have to have it made three feet in diameter.

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Hard Times and "Repudiation."

No man can imagine, all the languages of the world cannot express what the people of the United States suffered from 1873 and 1879. Men who considered themselves millionaires found that they were beggars; men living in palaces, supposing they had enough to give sunshine to the winter of their age, supposing they had enough to have all they loved in affluence and comfort, suddenly found that they were medicants with bonds, stocks, mortgages, all turned to ashes in their trembling hands. The chimneys grew cold, the fires in furnaces went out, the poor families were turned adrift, and the highways of the United States were crowded with tramps. Into the homes of the poor crept the serpent of temptation and whispered the terrible word, "Repudiation." I want to tell you that you cannot conceive of what the American people suffered as they staggered over the desert of bankruptcy from 1873 to 1879. We are too near now to know how grand we were. The poor mechanic said, "No;" the millionaire said, "No; we will settle fair, we will agree to pay whether we pay or not, and we will never soil the American name with the infamous word 'repudiation.'" Are you not glad? What is the talk? Are you not glad our flag is covered all over with financial honors? The stars shine and gleam now because they represent an honest Nation.

They said during that time, "We must have more paper," and the Republican party said: "Let us pay what we have."

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The Minister's Collection.

Do you want them to get rid of paying their taxes? Do we want the people where the soil is rich to have their taxes paid by people where the soil is poor? How many illicit distilleries have been found in the South? Just guess. I'll tell you. In the last four years, in the Southern States, 3,874 illicit distilleries have been uncovered. If you trust them you'll be like the minister. Two ministers were holding a revival in a certain place. After the services one of them passed around the hat. The congregation threw in a lot of old nails and sticks, but no money. The minister turned his hat up, and out came the old nails. He couldn t find a cent of money, "Well," said the other minister, "let us thank God." "What for?" asked the first minister. (Laughter.) "Because we've got the hat back." (Uproarious laughter.) You depend on the Southern people for your revenue, and you'll be fortnnate if you can thank God you've got your hat back.

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Free Speech.

First of all, you believe that in a Republic there should be absolute freedom of opinion; you believe that in a Republic there should be absolute free speech; you believe that every individual tongue has the right to the general ear; you believe that this Government should rest upon intelligence, upon the patriotism, upon the morality of the people, and you believe that every citizen of this Republic has a right to tell the rest of the citizens of this great public what he believes.

Of what use can free speech be if it is afterwards to be defeated by force or fraud? Of what use is it to allow the attorney for the defense to argue before the jury if, upon the jury bringing a verdict of "Not guilty," the defendant is to be hanged by a mob; We believe, then, in free speech; we believe free speech to be the gem of the human brain. Speech is the wing of thought, and if you will not allow free speech, you are not a civilized people. (Applause.) In what part of this country has

the sacred right of free speech been preserved, in the South or the North? (Cries of "In the North.") If you want free speech preserved in this country the North must do it. (Cries, "That is right.") We must not do it and we must not put in power the people who do not believe in that sacred right. The South never favored free speech, never. Why! They had there an institution called slavery. If they allowed free speech they knew that slavery could not endure, and the consequence was they closed the lips of reason. In other words, for every chain they put upon the limbs of slaves they put a corresponding manacle upon the brain of the white

man. (Loud applause.) In order to enslave others they enslaved themselves, and they finally came face to face with one of the great principles of nature. Man cannot enslave others without trampling upon his own manhood; no man can be unjust to another without robbing himself. (Applause.) I believe then, in free speech. I want the lips of thought to be forever free, and for that reason I am with the North, because the North will protect that sacred right. That is one thing I want, and I go with the people that are going farthest my way when I want anything. (Laughter and applause.) I belong to no party. I simply act with the party that

comes nearest my views. I am the property of nobody. (Applause.) No human being has got a mortgage upon my brain. (Cries of "Well done!" "Good!" and loud applause,) I will say my say in spite of principalities and powers as long as I live (cheers and a voice, "We'll stand by you."); and I will say what I think.

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Why I Am A Republican.

That party has thrown every safeguard around the ballot-box in every State in the Union where any safeguard has been thrown. That party has always been in favor of registration; the Democratic party has always opposed it. That party—the Republican party—has done all it could possibly do to secure an honest expression of the great will of the people. Every man here who is in favor of an honest ballot-box ought to vote the Republican ticket; every man here in favor of free speech ought to vote the Republican ticket. Free speech is the brain of this Republic, and an honest vote is its life-blood. (Applause.) There are two reasons, then, why I am a Republican: First, I believe in free speech; secondly, I want an honest vote.

A crust that the worms had eaten before was a democrat; every man who shot down our men when they happened to step an inch beyond the dead line, every one was a Democrat; and when some poor, emanciated Union patriot, driven to insanity by famine, saw at home in his innocent dreams the face of his mother, and she seemed to beckon him to come to her, and he, following that dream, stepped one inch beyond the dead line, the wretch who put a bullet through his throbbing, loving heart was a Democrat.

We should never forget these things. (A voice, "That's so.") Every man who wept over the corpse of slavery; every man who was sorry when the chains fell from four millions of people; every man who regretted to see the shackles drop from, women and children, every one was a Democrat. Iu the House of Representatives and in the Senate the resolution was submitted to amend the Constitution so that every man treading the soil of the Republic should be forever free, and every man who voted against it was a Democeat. Every man who swore

that greenbacks never would be worth any more than withered leaves, every man who swore that he would never pay our bonds, every man who slandered our credit and prophesied defeat, was a Democrat. Now, recollect it. Do not forget it. And is there is any young man here who is this fall to cast his first vote, I beg of him, I beseech him, not to join that party whose history for the last twenty years hasbeen a disgrace to this country.

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Manly Voting.

For that reason every poor man should stand by the Government, and every poor man who does not is a traitor to the best interests of his children; every poor man who does not is willing that his children should bear the badge of political inferiority. A man does not vote in this country simply because he is rich; he does not vote in this country simply because he has an education; he does not vote simply because he has talent or genius; we say that he votes because he is a man, and that he has his manhood to support. And for that reason we put poverty on an equality with wealth. We say in this country manhood is worth more than gold. We say in this country that without liberty the Nation is not worth preserving. Now I appeal to every poor man; I appeal to-day to every laboring man, and I ask him, Is there another country on this globe where you can have your equal rights with others? Now, then, in every country, no matter how good it is, and no matter how bad it is—in every country there is something worth preserving, and there is something that ought to be destroyed. Now, recollect that every voter is in his own right a king; every voter in this country wears a crown; every voter in this country has in his own hands a scepter of authority; and every voter, pure and rich, wears the purple of authority alike. Recollect it; and the man that will sell his vote is the man that abdicates the American throne.

The man that sells his vote strips himself of the imperial purple, throws away the scepter and admits that he is less than a man. More than that, the man that will sell his vote for prejudice or for hatred, the man that will be lied out of his vote, that will be slandered out of his vote, is not worthy to be an American citizen.

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Labor-Saving Machinery.

Every man ought to be willing to pay for what he gets. He ought to desire to give full value received. The man who wants $2 worth of work for $1 is not an honest man. The man who wants others to work to such an extent that their lives are burdens is utterly

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

heartless. The toil of the world should continually decrease. Of what use are your inventions if no burden is lifted from industry? If no additional comforts find their way to the home of labor?

Why should labor fill the world with wealth and live in want?

Every labor-saving machine should help the whole world. Every one should tend to shorten the hours of labor.

Reasonable labor is a source of joy. To work for wife and child, to toil for those you love is happiness, provided you can make them happy. But to work like a slave, to see your wife and children in rags, to sit at a table where food is coarse and scarce, to rise at four in the morning, to work all day and throw your tired bones upon a miserable bed at night, to live without leisure, without rest, without making those you love comfortable and happy,—this is not living, it is dying, a slow, lingering crucifixion.

The hours of labor should be shortened. With the vast and wonderful improvements of the nineteenth century there should not only be the necessaries of life for those who toil, but comforts and luxuries as well.

What is a reasonable price for labor? I answer: Such a price as will enable the man to live; to have the comforts of life; to lay by something for his declining years; so that he can have his own home, his own fireside,—so that he can preserve the feelings of a man.

I sympathize with every honest effort made by the children of labor to improve their condition. That is a poorly governed country in which those who do the most have the least.

There is something wrong when men are obliged to beg for leave to toil. We are not yet a civilized people. When we are, pauperism and crime will vanish from out land.

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Servants of Man.

There should be labor and food for all. We invent. We take advantage of the forces of nature. We enslave the winds and waves. We put shackles upon the unseen powers. These slaves should release from bondage all the sons of men.

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The American Republic.

The United States of America is a free country; it is the only free country on this earth; it is the only republic that was ever established among men. We have read—we have heard of the Republic of Greece, of Egypt, and of Venice. We have heard of the free cities of Europe. There never was a republic in Venice, there never was a republic in Rome, there never was a republic in Athens, there never was a free city in Europe, there never was a government not cursed with caste, there never was a government not cursed with slavery, there never was a government not cursed with almost every infamy until the Republican party of the United States made this a free Nation. I want no grander, no higher title or nobility than this, that I belong to the Republican party, and did a little towards making the Republican party a fact.

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Equal Opportunities for All.

I love this country because it gives to the lowest equal opportunity with the greatest. The avenues to distinction are open to all. We have taken the failures of other countries; we have taken the men who could not succeed in England; we have taken the men who have been

robbed and trampled upon,—we have taken them into this country, and the second generation are superior to the nobility of the country from which her fathers emigrated. We have taken the Irishmen, robbed; we have taken the foreigner from the almshouse, and we have turned their rags into robes; we have transferred their hovels and huts into palaces; out of their paupers we have made patriotic, splendid men. This is what we have done in this country. We have given to every man in the Union, in the States to which I have referred, equal opportunities to get a home, equal opportunities to attain distinction. That is the reason I like this country.

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Labor and Capital.

The lovers of the human race, the philanthropists, the dreamers of grand dreams, all predicted and all believed that when man should have the right to govern himself, when every human being should be equal before the law, they believed, they prophesied, that pauperism, crime and want would exist only in the history of the past. They accounted for misery in their time by the rapacity of kings and the cruelty of priests. The rich cannot oppress the poor, the poor are in a majority; the laboring men, those who in some way work for their living, can elect every Congressman and every judge; they can make and interpret the laws, and if labor is opprcssed in the United states by capital, labor is simply itself to blame.

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"Gee a Little."

There was an old fellow used to come into town every Saturday and get drunk. He had a little yoke of oxen and the boys, out of pity, used to throw him into the wagon and start the oxen for home. Just before he got home they had to go down a long hill, and the oxen, when they got to the brow of it, commenced to run. Now and then the wagon struck a stone and gave the fellow an awful jolt, and that would wake him up. After he had looked up and had one glance at the cattle, he would fall helplessly back to the bottom, and always say, "Gee a little, if anything." (Laughter.)

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How to Vote.

Let us be honest. We are reaping the reward of all tnese great and glorious actions, and every good man who has ever lived in the country, no matter whether he has been persecuted or not, had made the world better.

The other night I happened to notice a sunset. The sun went down and the West was full of light and fire, and I said: "There, there is the perfect death of a great man; that sun, dying, leaves a legacy of glory to the very clouds that obstruct its path. (Applause.) That sun, like the great man, leaves a legacy of glory even to the ones who persecuted him, and the world is glorious only because there have been men great enough and grand enough to die for the right." (Applause.) Will any man, can any man, afford to die for this country? Then we can afford to vote for it. If a man can afford to fight for it and to die for it, I can afford to speak for it.

And now I beg of yon, every man and woman, no matter in what country born, -if you are an Irishman, recollect that this country has done more for your race than all other countries under heavens. (Applause.) if you are a German, recollect that this country is kinder to you than your own fatherland—no matter what country you come from, remember that this country is an asylum, and vote as in your conscience you believe you ought fo vote to keep this flag in heaven. I beg every American to stand with that part of the country that believes in law, in freedom of speech, in an honest vote, in civilization, in progress, in human liberty, and in universal justice.

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"Hurrah for Our Union."

Everything in this world that is good for anything has to be defended. Everything that is good has to be taken care of. Everything that is bad will take care of itself. (Applause.) There is the same difference between virtue and vice, between truth and falsehood, as there is between grain and wheat. We have to plow the land, we have to sow the seed, and we have, with great labor and infinite patience, to guard the crops against anything that might injure; while weeds and dog-fennel, sown by chance and cared for by accident, will grow in the common highway. And exactly so is it with everything of account in this world. The battle is never over; the battle for the right is never won; fight as long as you may, and the argument will not be finished. After four years of war in the United States the questions that we endeavored to settle by the sword are as open,

as unsettled, as they were in 1859. These questions must be settled, not only by the bayonet, but by argument. There is no argument in war, no logic in the sword. All that war settles is, who is the stronger of the contestants. War makes them stop and listen. War gives the successful party the floor in order to present his argument, and the result is to be argued, not

fought out. So, to-day, we are arguing on this side, in the defense of which millions of men risked their lives, and the question is just as open and unsettled to-day as it was then. We have got a country which is, in my opinion, the best in the world. I hold all forms of government in sublime contempt, except the republican form of government. (Applause.) I utterly detest every form of government that is not founded on the legally

expressed will of a majority of the people. (Applause.) I look upon Kings and Princes and Noblemen as men in the livery of larceny wearing the insignia of robbery. I am proud I am an American and that I live in a civilized country. When I speak of a free country, I confine myself to the Northern and Western States of this great Republic. (Applause.)

This is in my opinion the best government in the world simply because it gives the best chance to every human being. It is the best country simply because there is more liberty here than there is anywhere else; simply because life, liberty, and property are better secured in the Northern and Western States of this Union than in any other portion of the habitable globe.

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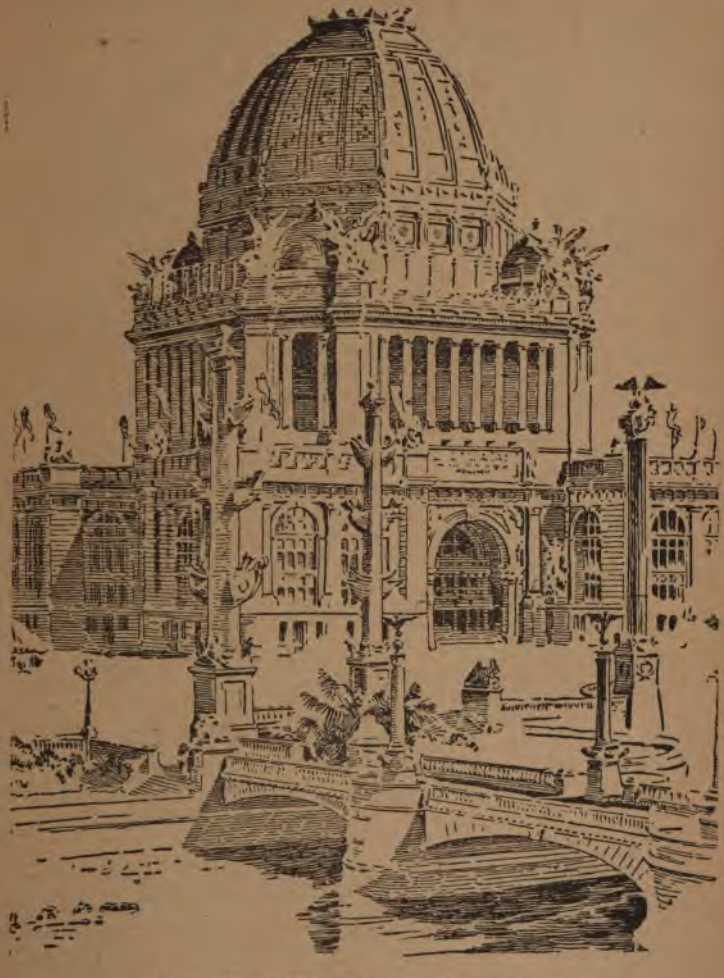
Why I Like This Country.

EVERYBODY HAS A CHANCE.

I love it because the poorest man can live hoping his boy may occupy the highest place. That is the reason I like this country. That is one of the reasons I want to see Gen. Garfield elected. He believes in honor; he believes in liberty; he believes in an honest ballot; he believes in collecting the revenues; he believes in good money; he believes in a Government of law; he believes that this is absolutely a Nation, and not a Confederacy, and I believe in him. (Applause.) Throwing aside, throwing to the winds, all prejudice, all partizanship, all hatreds, I beg of every one who hears me to conscientionsly decide for himself what, under the circumstances, as a man, as a patriot, as a lover of justice, what he ought to do. That is all I want you to do. Be honor



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING,
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION,
CHICAGO, 1893.

bright. (Laughter.) Do not be led away by the appeals of gentlemen who once belonged to the Republican party. Vote to sustain the greatest possible cause, human liberty. I know and appreciate what our liberty has cost, We are reaping to-day the benefits of the sufferings of every hero who ever died. We are to-day a great, a united, and a splendid people, simply because somebody was great and good enough to die that we might live. Now, do you believe if the dead could rise from their graves—the men fallen on all the battlefields of war—could they rise from the unknown graves that make this continent sacred, how would they vote next November? Think of it. Let us be true to the memory of every man that ever died for us. (Applause.)

BEST COUNTRY FOR THE POOR.

I like this country because the honest and industrious man is a nobleman. I like it because a man, no matter how poor he may be, whether a merchant or clerk, can go home at night, take his tow-headed boy on his knee, and say to him: "John, the public schools and every avenue of distinction are open to you. Your father may be ignorant; he may not be good at figures; but you may rise to the highest office within the gift of civilized people." (Applause and cheers.) We don't know how good this country is. Do you know that we have more to eat here than any other nation of the globe has? And that is quite an item. (Laughter.) We have better clothes and they come nearer fitting us. (Applause.) There is more general information among our people, and it is better distributed than in any other country.

REPUBLICAN FAMILIES.

But really the greatest thing about our country is that in no other country are women and children treated as well as they are in the United States. (Cheers.) Let me tell you why:—In other countries the family is patterned after the form of government. In other countries, where there is a monarch, the head of the family is a monarch; in countries where the head of the government is a despot, the head of the family is a despot. Here in this country our families are Republican; every man sitting by the fireside has a vote. (Cheers.) These are a few of the reasons why I like this country. I like it because it gives me a chance. (Applause.) I like it because a man in the lowest walks of life can have the same chance. I like it because a boy who has worked on a canal, a boy who has driven a mule on the towpath, a boy who has cut wood at twenty-five cents a cord,—I like it because such a boy is going to be the next president of the United States. (Applause.) What a magnificent compliment they pay our system of government! what a splendid compliment they pay to the good heart of our people, by making prominent in this canvass the fact that the boy was poor, that the boy was compelled to work! What in other countries wonld be a work of disgrace, in this country is transfigured into the wings of honor and of fame.

THE PERILS OF THE NATION.

There are certain perils that menace this Government; and let us be honest about it. I tell you to-night that I have no favors to ask of any political parties in this world.

PERIL OF STATE RIGHTS

The first peril, in my judgment, is the doctrine of State rights. The doctrine that a part is greater than the whole; the doctrine that the General Government is born of the States, when everybody knows that the States were born of the General Government, and that before that time they were colonies on their knees to George III, and they were not raised from their degradation into the majesty of States until the Continental Congress resolved that they were free and independent States. (Applause.) That heresy is, in my judgment, one of the

great perils that menace this Republic at the present time. It was not settled by the war; it has not been beaten out of the Democratic leaders; and let me assure you that it is as strongly intrenched in the hearts of these men at the present time, as it ever was in the history of the Government. The doctrine of State rights was appealed to, to perpetuate human slavery; it was appealed to to keep the slave trade open until the year 1808; it was appealed to to justify Secession and Rebellion. It is appealed to in order that the Southern States may deny to the black people their rights. By this time you

will see that the doctrine of State Rights has never been appealed to in the history of this country except when somebody wanted to steal something from somebody else. (Applause.) I detest the doctrine. I abhor it in every drop of my blood. This is not a Confederacy; this is a Nation. I have the same right to speak here in Massachusetts that I have in Illinois; not because the flag of Massachusetts floats over me—because I would not know it if I should see it—it is because the right is guaranteed to me by the flag of the Republic. (Cheers.)

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The doctrine has never been appealed to except to justify some kind of rascality, and would never have been dreamed except that the South wanted to preserve slavery.

It was appealed to to keep the slave trade open, and then to make Northern men slave catchers, then to justify secession, and now to allow the people of the Southern States to deny the negroes the right of citizenship. We have always heard about the rights of South Carolina, but we never hear of the rights of New York and Pennsylvania and any State of importance. Wherever the State fails to give its protection to the people the General Government must step in and give them the protection they require. Wade Hampton recently said that the principles of the Democratic party are to-day the same for which Lee and Stonewall Jackson fought, and, from the bottom of my heart, I believe him.

PERIL OF REPUDIATION.

Whether we shall pay our debts is the great question, and with State sovereignity, the Southern States would

repudiate their debts by issuing currency to be redeemed eventually by the National Government. As long as there is a greenback in circulation, it is an earnest advocate that the Democratic party shall not come into power. People say now that the country is prosperous and that repudiation is not to be feared; but let us have bad crops for one or two years, and a depression of businesss, and demagogues would rise by the thousands and advocate it. With honest money we may become a commercial nation, but we can never become so with mere promises to pay.

PERIL OF FRAUDULENT VOTING.

Another peril is fraudulent voting, and this can be overcome by extending the required time of residence to voters, identifying them thoroughly with the place before they can cast a ballot in it.

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A Political Tramp.

The Democratic party to-day is a political tramp, crawling to the back door of the White House, begging for official food. The Democratic party has not had a bite to eat for sixteen long and weary years. The Democratic party has a vast appetite. The Democratic party is all teeth and an empty stomach. In other words, the Democratic party is a political tramp with a yellow passport. This political tramp begs food, and carries in his pocket old dirty scraps of paper as a kind of certificate of character. On one of these papers he will show you the ordinance of 1789; on another one of those papers he will have a part of the fugitive slave law; on another some of the black laws that used to disgrace

Illinois; on another, Governor Tilden's letter to Kent; an another a certificate signed by Lyman Trumbull that the Republican party is not fit to assoeiate with—that certificate will be endorsed by Governor John M. Palmer and my friend Judge Doolittle. He will also have in his pocket an old wood-cut, somewhat torn, representing Abraham Lincoln falling upon the neck of S. Corning Judd, and thanking him for saving the Union as commander-in-chief of the Sons of Liberty. Following this tramp will be a bloodhound; and when he asks for food, the bloodhound will crouch for employment on his haunches, and the drool of anticipation will run from his loose and hanging lips. Study the expression of that dog. Translate it into English and it means: "Oh! I want to bite a nigger!" And when the dog has that expression he shows a striking likeness to his master. The question is, "Shall that tramp and that dog gain possession of the White House?"

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An Ingersoll Picture.

The other day I was walking along the road and I came to a place where it had been changed, and the guide-board did not know it. It had stood there for twenty years pointing industriously, pointing diligently to a deserted field; nobody ever went that way, but the guide-board thought the next man would. Thousands passed, and notwithstanding the fact that not one went in the direction of the guide-board, through calm and shine and storm, it pointed diligently into the old field, and swore to it the road went that way, and I said to myself, "Such is the Democratic party of the United

States." (Laughter.) I saw a little while ago a place in the road where there had been a hotel. The hotel had gone down over thirty years ago, and there was nothing standing but two desolate chimneys, up the flues of which the fires of hospitality had not roared for thirty years. The fence was gone, and the post holes even were obliterated, but there was a sign in the road, and on the sign were the words: "Entertainment for man and beast." The old sign swung and creaked in the winter wind, the snow fell upon it, the sleet clung to it, and in the summer the birds sung and twittered and made love upon it; nobody ever stopped there, but the sign swore to it, the sign certified to it: "Entertainment for man and beast." And I said to myself, "Such is the Democratic party of the United States, and one chimney ought to be called Tilden, and the other chimney ought to be called Hendricks." I saw also, by a stream, a building that had once been a mill; all the clapboards nearly were gone, and the roof leaked like an average Democratic wool hat with the top burst; though there was a sign hanging by one nail: "Cash for wheat." Not a kernal had been ground there for thirty years; the old mill-wheel had fallen off its gudgeons into the street, and it was a dry as though it had been in the final home of the Democratic party for forty years. The dam was gone; nobody had built a new dam; the mill was not worth a dam! And I said to myself, "That is exactly the condition of the democratic party to-day."

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Fiat Money.

You can't make a dollar out of paper except by taking

a dollar's worth of paper to do it. Did you ever hear of a fiat load of corn, or a fiat load of wheat? (Laughter.) You can no more make a paper dollar a dollar than you can make a warehouse certificate a load of wheat. When resumption is an accomplished fact, confidence and credit take the place of gold and silver. I admit that the Democratic party raised their share of corn, and pork, and wheat, that enabled us to resume. They furnished their share of the money, and the Republicans furnished the honor to pay it over. The soft-money Democrats said that the greenback was the money for the poor man. Did any one ever hear before of money that sought out only the poor man, that was always hunting for fellows that were dead-broke, and that despised banks?

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The Colored Race.

I have thought that human impudence reached its limit ages and ages ago. I had believed that some time in the history of the world impudence had reached its height, and so believed until I read the congratulatory address of Abram S. Hewit, chairman of the National Executive Democratic Committee, wherein he congratulates the negroes of the South on what he calls a Democratic victory in the State of Indiana. If human impudence can go beyond this, all I have to say, it never has. What does he say to the Southern people, the colored people? He says to them, in substance: "The reason the white people trample upon you is because the white people are weak. Give the white people more strength, put the white people in authority, and,

although they murder you now when they are weak, when they are strong they will let you alone. Yes; the only trouble with our Southern white brethren is that now they are in the minority, and they kill you now, and the only way to save your lives is to put your enemy in the majority." That is the doctrine of Abram S. Hewit, and he congratulates the colored people of the South upon the Democratic victory of Indiana. There is going to be a great crop of hawks next season—let us congratulate the doves. That is it. The burglars have whipped the police—let us congratulate the bank. That is it. The wolves have killed off almost all the shepherds—let us congratulate the sheep.

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Sufferings of the Slaves.

In my judgment the black people have suffered enough. They have been slaves for 200 years, and, more than all, they have been compelled to keep the company of the men that owned them. (Laughter and applause.) Think of that. Think of being compelled to keep the society of the man who is stealing from you! Think of being compelled to live with the man who sold your wife! Think of being compelled to live with the man who sold your child from the cradle before your very eyes! Think of being compelled to live with the thief of your life, and spend your days with the white robber, and to be uuder his control! The black people have suffered enough. For 200 years they were owned and bought and sold and branded like cattle. For 200 years every hnman tie was rent and torn asunder by the bloody, brutal hands of

avarice and might. They have suffered enough. During the war the black people were our friends not only, but whenever they were entrusted with the family, with the wives and children of their masters, they were true to them. They stayed at home and protected the wife and child of the master while he went into the field and fought for the right to whip and steal the child of the very black man that was protecting him. (Applause.) The black people, I say, have suffered enough, and for that reason I am in favor of this Government protecting them in every Southern State, if it takes another war to do it. (Cheers.) We never can compromise with the South at the expense of our friends. (Voices, "Never!") We can never be friends with the men that starved and shot our brothers. (Voices, "Never!") We never can be friends with the men that waged the most cruel war in the world; not of liberty, but for the right to deprive other men of their liberty. We never can be their friends until they treat the black man justly; until they treat the white Union man respectfully; until Republicism ceases to be a crime; until to vote the Republican ticket ceases to make you a political and social outcast. We want no friendship with the enemies of our country. (Applause.)

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The Greenback Question.

The next question prominently before the people—though I think the great question is, whether citizens shall be protected at home—the next question I say, is the financial question. With that there is no trouble. We had to borrow money and we have got to pay it.

That is all there is of that, and we are going to pay it just as soon as we make the money to pay it with, and we are going to make the money out of prosperity. We have got to dig it out of the earth. You can't make a dollar by law. You can't redeem a cent by statute. You can't pay one solitary farthing by all the resolutions, by all the speeches ever made under the sun, (Applause.) You have got to dig this money right square out of the ground. Every dollar we owe is not wealth of this Nation, but it is the evidence of the poverty of this Nation. The Nation cannot make money. The Nation caunot support you and me; it cannot support us. We support the Nation. The Nation collects its taxes from us. The Nation is a perpetual, everlasting pauper, and we have to support the Nation. The Nation passes the measure of taxation, and the Nation passes around the hat, and makes us all throw in our charity to support the Government, and everybody does throw in except Tilden, as far as heard from. (Laughter.) Now, then, we have some men among us who say that the Government can make money. If the Government can make money, why should it collect taxes from us? Why shouldn't it make all the taxes it wants? Why shouldn't it make all the money it wants, and take the taxes out and give the balance to us? Why should this Government, if it has the power to make money, collect any money from the people? But they tell you that this Government has the power to put its sovereign impress on a piece of paper; and, if the Government has that power, it don't take any more sovereignty to make a $1 than it does to make a $2 bill. What is the use of wasting sovereignty on $1 bills? (Laughter.) Why not have

$10 bills? What is the use of wasting sovereignty on a $10 bill? Why not have $100 bills? (Laughter.) Why not have million-dollar bills, and every one become a millionaire at once? (Laughter and applause.) If the greenback doctrine is right, that evidence of national indebtedness is wealth, if that is their idea, why not go another step and make every individual note a legal tender? Why not pass a law that every man shall take every other man's note? Then, I swear, we would have money in plenty. (Laughter.) No, my friends, a promise to pay a dollar is not a dollar, no matter if that promise is made by the greatest and most powerful Nation on the globe. A promise is not a performance. An agreement is not an accomplishment, and there never will come a time when a promise to pay a dollar is as good as the dollar, unless everybody you owe has got the dollar, and will pay it whenever they ask for it.

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Guaranteeing Payment of the National Debt.

No, my friends, we are going to pay that money: every man that has got a bond, every man that has got a greenback dollar has got a mortgage upon the best continent of land on earth, and every spear of grass on this continent is a guaranty that the debt will be paid. Every particle of coal, laid away by that old miser, the sun, millions of years ago, is a guaranty that every dollar will be paid; all the iron ore, all the gold and silver under the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas, waiting for the miner's pick to give back the flash of the sun, every ounce is a guaranty that this debt will be paid, and every furrowed field of corn, and every good man, and every

good woman, and every dimpled, kicking, healthy babe in the cradle, and all the boys and girls bending over their books at school, and every good man who is going to vote the Republican ticket, is a guaranty that every dollar of the national debt will be paid.

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A Fling at Old Bachelors.

Now, my friends, the Democratic party (if you may call it a party) brings forward as its candidate, Samuel J. Tilden, of New York. I am opposed to him, first: because he is an old bachelor. In a country like ours, depending for its prosperity and glory upon an increase of the population, to elect an old bachelor is suicidal policy. Any man that will live in this country for sixty years, surrounded by beautiful women with rosy lips and dimpled cheeks, in every dimple lurking a cupid, with coral lips and pearly teeth and sparkling eyes—any man that will push them all aside and be satisfied with the Democratic party—does not even know the value of time.

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Buying a Family Horse.

This reminds me of the story about the man who wanted to buy a family horse. He went into a Boston stable, and the keeper showed him a handsome bay. "Oh, that one won't do for me. I want one that is handsome, spirited and safe," said the man. The dealer brought out another horse. "Oh, he's too logy," said the man. Then they came along to a handsome gray. "There," said the dealer, "is a horse I wouldn't part with. I keep it for my wife. She thinks more of him

than she does of me! You know General Banks has a steel engraving of the horse that General Washington rode. Well, horsemen who have seen that picture say that this horse looks exactly like that one." "Yes," said the man looking at the horses teeth," I'll be ——— if I don't believe it is the same horse."

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Playing Poker.

I don't blame the man who wanted inflation. I don't blame him for praying for another period of inflation. "When it comes." said the man who had a lot of shrunken property on his hands, "blame me, if I don't unload, you may shoot me." It's a good deal like a game of poker! I don't suppose any of you know anything about that game! Along towards morning the fellow who is ahead always wants another deal. The fellow that is behind says his wife's sick, and he must go home. You ought to hear that fellow descant on domestic vlrtue! And the other fellow accuses him of being a coward and wanting to jump the game. A man whose dead wood is hung up on the shore in a dry time wants the water to rise once more and float it out into the middle of the stream.

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Liberty.

Last year I stood in the City of Paris, where once stood the old Bastile prison, where now stands the column of July, That column is surmounted by a magnificent statue of Liberty; in its right hand a broken chain, in its left hand a banner, and upon the glorious forehead the glittering and shining star of progress. And as I looked at it, I said: "Such is the Republican party of my country."

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The Best Sovereign.

In this country we have our sovereign, our King—one

power. That is the legally expressed will of the majority of the people. That's our King. Every solitary voter has a certain amount of King! Any man that will throw an illegal vote; any man that will count votes illegally after they have been thrown, is a traitor to the great principles of our Government. He is a traitor to the only King we have. He deserves the punishment of a traitor, too.

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The Blessings of Free Speech.

Now if there's anything that's dear to an American citizen, it's the right of free speech! The grand reason is that every human being has a right to the public ear. If a man cannot speak, others cannot hear. The right of free speech is the priceless gem of the human soul, and a man that don't allow another man the right of free speech is a barbarian. What is the use of free speech, if all the results of free speech are to be reversed by fraud? What's the use for a counsel on one side of a case to address a jury, if, before he commences, the jury has been bought? What's the use to try a man, if, after he's tried, he's taken out and hung by a mob?

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The Curse of Slavery.

They had the institution of human slavery in the South, which could not be defended at the bar of public reason. It was an institution that could not be defended in the high forum of human conscience. No man could stand there and defend the right to rob the cradle—none to defend the right to sell the babe from the breast of the agonized mother—none to defend the claim that lashes

on a bare back are a legal tender for labor performed. Every man that lived upon the unpaid labor of another knew in his heart that he was a thief. And for that reason he did not wish to discuss that question. Thereupon the institution of slavery said, "You shall not speak; you shall not reason," and the lips of free thought were manacled. You know it. Every one of you. Every Democrat knows it as well as every Republican. There never was free speech in the South.

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The Negro's Wrongs.

Allow me to say that I do not believe any man fit for the Presidency of this great Republic, who is capable of insulting a down-trodden race. I never meet a negro that I do not feel like asking his forgiveness for the wrongs that my race has inflicted on his. I remember that from the white man he received for 200 years agony and tears; I remember that my race sold a child from the agonized breast of a mother; I remember that my race trampled with the feet of greed upon all the holy relations of life; and I do not feel like insulting the colored man; I feel rather like asking the forgiveness of his race for the crimes that my race have put upon him.

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Republicanism vs. Democracy.

I belong to a party that is prosperous when the country is prosperous. That's me. I belong to the party that believes in good crops; that is glad when a fellow finds a gold mine; that rejoices when there are forty bushels of wheat to the acre, that laughs when every railroad declares dividends; that claps both of its hands

when every investment pays; when the rain falls for the farmer, when the dew lies lovingly upon the grass. I belong to the party that is happy when the people are happy; when the laboring man gets three dollars a day; when he has roast beef on his table; when he has a carpet on the floor; when he has a picture of Garfield on the wall. I belong to the party that is happy when everybody smiles; when we have plenty of money, good horses good carriages; when our wives are happy and our children feel glad. I belong to the party whose banner floats side by side with the great flag of the country; that does not grow fat on defeat. The Democratic party is a party of famine; it is a good friend of an early frost; it believes in the Colorado beetle and in the weevil. When the crops are bad the Democratic mouth opens from ear to ear with smiles of joy; it is in partnership with bad luck; a friend of empty pockets; rags help it. I am on the other side. The Democratic party is a party of darkness. I belong to the party of sunshine, and to the party that even in darkness believes that the stars are shining and waiting for us.

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Desirable Treatment of the South.

I will tell you what we are going to do. We are going to treat them in the South just as well as we treat the people in the North. Victors cannot afford to have malice. The North is too maganimous to have hatred. We will treat the South precisely as we treat the North. There are thousands of good people there. Let us give them money to improve their rivers and harbors; I want to see the sails of their commerce filled with the breeze of prosperity; their fences rebuilt; their houses painted. I want to see their towns prosperous; I want to see schoolhouses in every town. I want to see books in the hands of every child, and papers and magazines in every house; I want to see all the rays of light of the civilization of the ninteenth century enter every home of the South; and in a little while you will see that country full of good Republicans.

We can afford to be kind; we cannot afford to be unkind. I will shake hands cordially with every believer in human liberty; I will shake hands with ever believer in Nationality. I will shake hands with every man who is a friend of the human race. That is my doctrine. I believe in the great Republic, in this magnificent country of ours. I believe in the great people of the United States. I believe in the muscle and brain of America,

in the prairies and forests. I believe in New York. I believe in the brain of your city. I believe that you know enough to vote the Republican ticket. I believe that you are grand enough to stand by the country that has stood by you. But whatever you do, I shall never cease to thank you for the great honor you have conferred upon me this day.

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The Fugitive Slave Law.

When the Republican party was born there was on the statute books of the United States of America a law known as the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, under the provisions of which every man in the State of New York was made by law a bloodhound, and could be set, could be hissed, upon a negro who was simply attempting to attain his birthright of freedom, the same as you would hiss a dog upon a wild beast. That was the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. It made every man, every Northern man, a dog; it put round his neck a collar, and they did not have the decency to put a man's name on the collar, but they pnt the name of his master. I have said it in the State of Maine several times, and I expect to say it several times again, although I heard I outraged the religious sentiment of the Democratic party and shocked the pitty of that organization by saying it. I did say there and now say here:—

THE FUGITIVE LAW OF 1850

would have disgraced hell in her palmiest days. At the

OUT ON THE HUNT.

same time in nearly all of the Western States there was a law by virtue of which hospitality became an indictable offense. There was a law by virtue of which charity became a crime, and a man, simply for an act of kindness exercised, could be indicted, imprisoned, and fined. It was the law of Illinois, of my State, that if I gave a drop of cold water, or a crust of bread, to a poor fugitive from slavery, I could be indicted, fined and imprisoned. Under the infamous Slave Law of 1850, under the infamous Black laws of the Western States when the Republican party was born, if a woman ninetynine hundredths white, had escaped from slavery carrying her child in her arms, had gone through wilderness and tangle and swamp and river, and finally got within one foot of free soil, with the light of the North Star beckoning her to freedom, it would have been an indictable offense to have given her a drop of water and a crust of bread. And under the Fugitive Slave Law it would have been the duty of a Northern citizen claiming to be a free man, to clutch that woman and hand her back to the dominion of the hound, the Democrat, and the lash. Want more? The institution of slavery had polluted and corrupted the church not only in the South, but a large proportion of the church in the North, so that ministers stood up in their pulpits here and in New England, and defended the very laws that I have mentioned. Not only so, but the Presbyterian Church South, in 1863, met in General Synod and passed three resolutions, two of which were: "*Resolved*, That slavery is a divine institution; *Resolved*, That God raised up the Presbyterian Church South to protect and perpetuate that institution." All I have to say is, that if God did it, He never chose a more infam-

ous instrument to carry out a more diabolical object. What more had slavery done? It had corrupted the courts so that, in nearly every State of the Union, if a Democrat had gone to the hut of a poor negro, and shot down his wife and children before his very eyes, and strangled the babe in the cradle, his testimony was valueless, and he was not allowed to appear before the Grand Jury and prosecute the wretch, Justice to him was not only blind, but was deaf, and that was the idea of justice in the United States when the Republican party was born.

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A Government Duty.

It is the duty of this Government to see to it that each and every American citizen has all his rights in every State of the Union, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. The Republican party made the black men of this country citizens. It put the ballot in their hands, and it is the duty of the Republicun party to see to it that they have a peaceable opportunity to cast their ballots. There are plenty of men in the South who fought against the Government and who were satisfied with the arbitrament of the war, and who laid down their arms and are Union men to-day. I want the Government to protect them, too. As a general rule, however, the population of the South is turbulent, and the best men cannot control it, and men are shoved down for opinion's sake. It ought to be stopped. It is a disgrace to American civilization.

PROPERTY COMMENCED TO DECLINE,

that is to say, it began to be rated at its real instead of

its speculative value. Land is worth what it will produce and no more. It may have a speculative value, and, if the prophecy is fulfilled, the man who buys it may become rich, and if the prophecy is not fulfilled, then the land is simply worth what it will produce. Lots worth from $5,000 to $10,000 apiece suddenly vanished into farms worih $25 per acre. These lots resumed; the farms that before that time had been considered worth $100, that are now worth $20 or $30, have simply resumed. Magnificent residences, supposed to be worth $100,000, that can now be purchased for $25,000, they have simply resumed. The property in the United States has not fallen in value, but its real value has been ascertained. The land will produce as much as it ever would, and is as valuable to-day as it ever was; and every improvement, every invention that adds to the productiveness of the soil or to the facilities for getting the product to market, adds to the wealth of the nation. As a mattcr of fact, the property kept pace with what we were pleased to call our money. As the money depreciated, property appreciated; as the money appreciated, property depreciated. The moment property began to fall speculation ceased. There is but little speculation on a falling market. The stocks and bonds, based simply upon ideas, became worthless, the collaterals became, so to speak, dust and ashes. At the close of the war, when the Government ceased to be a vast purchaser and consumer, many of the factories had to stop. When the crash came the men stopped digging ore, they stopped felling the forest, the fires died out in the furnaces, the men who had stood in the glare of the forge were in the gloom of despondency. There was no employment for

them. The employer could not sell his product, business stood still, and then came what we call the hard times. Our wealth was a delusion and illusion, and we simply came back to reality. Too many men were doing nothing, too many men were traders, brokers, speculators. There were not enough producers of the things needed, there were too many producers of the things no one wished.

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Preventing Corporational Tyranny.

In a land where the poor, where the laboring men have the right and have the power to make the laws, and do in fact make the laws, certainly there should be no complaint. In our country the people hold the power, and if any corporation in any state is devouring the substance of the people, every state has retained the power of eminent domain under which it can confiscate the property and franchise of any corporation by simply paying to that corporation what such property is worth. And yet thousands of people are talking as though there existed a widespread conspiracy against industry, against honest toil, and thousands and thousands of speeches have been made and numberless articles have been written to fill the breasts of the unfortunate with hatred.

Good Sense.

Society must support all of its members, all of its robbers, thieves and paupers. Every vagabond and vagrant has to be fed and clothed, and society must support in some way all of its members. It can support them in jails, in asylums, in hospitals, in penitentiaries, but it is a very costly way. We have to employ judges to try them, juries to sit upon their cases, sheriffs, marshals and constables to arrest them, policemen to watch them, and it may be at last a standing army to put them down. It would be far cheaper, probably, to support them in some first-class hotel. We must either support them, or help them to support themselves. They let us go upon the one hand simply to take us by the other, and we can take care of them as paupers and criminals, or by wise statesmanship help them to be honest and useful men. Of all the criminals transported by England to Australia and Tasmania, the records show that a very large per cent., something over 90, became useful and decent people. In Australia they found homes; hope again spread its wings in their breasts. They had different ambitions; they were removed from vile and vicious associations. They had new surroundings, and, as a rule, man does not improve without a corresponding improvement in his physical condition.

FRAUD IN ELECTIONS.

The people are beginning to lose confidence in elections; the people are beginning to say, "Fraud controls, rascality elects," and the moment that suspicion is well lodged in the minds of the people then they will have no respect for the laws made by men elected by fraud. They will have no respect for the decision of judges when they believe the judges were elected by fraud, and then comes the dissolution of our form of Government; and then comes the destruction of human liberty for a hundred years. Every Republican should make up his mind to be a perpetual sentinel of the ballot-box; every Republican should make up his mind that, so far as was in his power, an illegal vote should never again be cast in this country. We fell into it; it took a long time but we got there. In the the first place, in the cities no man was allowed to vote who came from a foreign country until he had been here five years. They began allowing them to vote when they had been here four, and if the Democratic party did, probably the Whig party would have done it if the forigners would have voted the Whig ticket. But they wouldn't. After a while they allowed them to vote in three years, in two years, and it was not long until they met them at Castle Garden and marched from the ship directly to the polls. All over our country we have had a contest with regard to the removal of county seats, when all the people at one side of a county were for removal, and the north side would hear that the south side was going to cheat, and the south would hear that the north was going to cheat, and as a result both cheated. And thus day by day, little by little, the sanctity of the ballot-box has been

destroyed, and that party was considered the smartest party that could get in the most illegal votes and get them counted. All that must be stopped, or this country cannot endure, and it is the mission of the Republican party to stop it.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

Now there is one other thing, and nothing can by any possibility, in this country, be more important. The great difference to-day between the Democratic and Republican party is that the Democratic party believes this is a simple confederation. The Democratic party believes in what we call State sovereignty, and the Republican party proclaims this country to be a nation, one and indivisible. There is the difference. The South believe this is a mere confederacy, and they are honest; they were willing to fight for it; they are willing to fight for it now; they are willing to commit frauds for it; they are willing to use tissue ballots to substantiate it, and they believe it. Now the question with us is whether we will put a party in power, knowing as we do know, that the principal part of that party absolutely believe in the doctrine of State sovereignty. They believe in the sacredness of a State line. In old times, in the year of grace 1860, if a man wished the army of the United States to pursue a fugitive slave, then the army would cross the State line. Whenever it became necessary to deprive some human being of a right, then we had a right to cross State lines; but whenever we wished to strike the shackles of slavery from a human being, we had no right to cross a State line. In other words, when you want to do a mean thing you can step over the line, but if your object is a good one you shall not do it.

This doctrine of State sovereignty is the meanest doctrine ever lodged in the American mind. It is political posion, and if this country is destroyed that doctrine will have done as much toward it as any other one thing. I believe the Union one absolutely.

NATIONAL PROTECTION,

The Democrats tells me that when I am away from home the Government will protect me; but when I am home, when I am sitting around the family fireside of the Nation, then the Government cannot protect me; that I must leave if I want protection. (Laughter.) Now, I denounce that doctrine. For instance, we are at war with another country, and the American Nation comes to me and says: "We want you." I say: "I won't go." They draft me, put some names in a wheel, and a man turns it and another man pulls out a paper, and my name is on it, and it says: "Come." So I go (laughter), and I fight for the flag. When the war is over, I go back to my State. Now, let us admit that the war had been unpopular, and that when I got to the State, the people of that State wished to trample upon my rights, and I cried out to my Government: "Come and defend me; you made me defend you." What ought the Government to do? I only owe that Government

allegiance that owes me my protection. Protection is the other side of the bargain; that is what it must be. And if a Government ought to protect even the man that it drafts, what ought it to do for the volunteer [A voice, That's it!"], the man who holds his wife for a moment in a tremulous embrace, and kisses his children, wets their cheeks with his tears, shoulders his musket, goes to the field, and says, "Here I am to uphold my flag." [Applause.] A Nation that will not protect such a protector is a disgrace to mankind, and its flag a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it waves. [Applause.] I believe in a Government with an arm long enough to reach the collar of any rascal beneath its flag. [Laughter.] I want it with an arm long enough, and a sword sharp enough, to strike down tyranny wherever it may raise its snaky head. I want a Nation that can hear the faintest cries of its humblest citizen. [A voice, "That's it!" and applause.] I want a Nation that will protect a free man standing in the sun by his little cabin, just as quick as it would protect Vanderbuilt in a palace of of marble and gold. [Applause.] I believe in a Government that can cross a State line on an errand of mercy. I believe in a Government that can cross a state line when it wishes to do justice. I do not believe that the sword turns to air at a State line. I want a Government that will protect me. I am here to-day—do I stand here because the flag of Illinois is above me? I want no flag of Illinois, and if I were to see it I should not know it—I am here to-day under the folds of the American flag for which more good, blessed blood has been shed than for any other flag that waves in this world.

To a Prospective Voter.

Don't you go with the Democratic party, young man. You have got a character to make. You cannot make it, as the Democratic party does, by passing a resolution. If your father voted the Democratic ticket, that is disgrace enough for one family. Tell the old man that you can stand it no longer. Tell the old gent that you have made up your mind to stand with the party of human progress; and if he asks you why you cannot vote the Democratic ticket, you tell him: "Every man that tried to destroy the Government, every man that shot at the holy flag in heaven, every man that starved our soldiers, every keeper of Libby, Andersonville and Salisbury, every man that wanted to burn the negro, every one that wanted to scatter yellow fever in the North, every man that opposed human liberty, that regarded the auction-block as an alter and the howling of the bloodhound as the music of the Union, every man who wept over the corpse of slavery, that thought lashes on the naked back were a legal tender for labor performed,

every one willing to rob a mother of her child—every solitary one was a Democrat."

Tell him you cannot stand that party. Tell him you

GEN. JAMES A. GARFIELD.

have to go with the Republican party, and if he asks you why, tell him it destroyed slavery; it preserved the Union it paid the National debt; it made our credit as good as that of any Nation on the earth. Tell him it makes a four per cent. bond worth $1.10; that it satisfies the demands of the highest civilization; that it made it possible tor every greenback to hold up its hand and swear, "I know that my redeemer lieveth." Tell the old man that the Republican party preserved the honor of the Nation; that it believes in education; that it looks upon the schoolhouse as a cathedral. Tell him that the Republican party believes in absolute intellectual liberty, absolute religious freedom, in human rights, and that human rights rise above States. Tell him that the Republican party believes in humanity, justice, human equality, and that the Republican party believes this a Nation for ever and ever; that an honest ballot is the

breath of the Republican's life; that honest money is the blood of the Republic, and that Nationality is the great throbbing beat of the heart of the Republic. Tell him that; and tell him that you are going to stand by the flag that the pataiots North carried upon the battle-field of death. Tell him that you are going to be true to the martyred dead; that you are going to vote exactly as Lincoln would have voted were he living. Tell hfm that every traitor dead, were he living now, there would issue from his lips of dust, "Hurrah for Hancock;" that could every patriot rise he would cry for Garfield and liberty, for union and for human progress everywhere. Tell him that the South seeks to secure by the ballot what it lost by the bayonet; to whip by the ballot those who fought it in the field.

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Two Parties Compared.

It takes a great deal of trouble to raise a good Republican. It is a vast deal of labor. The Republican party is the fruit of all ages—of self-sacrifice and devotion. The Republican party is born of every good thing that was ever done in the world. The Republican party is the result of all martyrdom, of all heroic bloodshed for the right. It is the blossom and fruits of the great world's best endeavor. In order to make a Republican you have got to have schoolhouses. You have got to have newspapers and magazines, A good Republican is the best fruit of civilization, of all there is of intelligence, of art, of music and songs. If you want to make Democrats let them alone. The Democratic party is the settlings of this country. Nobody hoes weeds. Nobody takes especial pains to raise dog fennel, and yet it grows under the very hoof of travel. The seeds are sown by accident and gathered by chance. But if you want to raise wheat and corn you must plow the ground. You must defend and you must harvest the crop with infinite patience and toil. It is precisely that way—if you want to raise a good Republican you must work. If you wish to raise a democrat give him wholesome neglect. The Democratic party flatters the vices of mankind. That party says to the ignorant man, "You know enough." It says to the vicious man, "You are good enough."

The Republican party says, "You must be better next year than you are this. A man is a Republican because he loves something. Most men are Democrats because they hate something. A Republican takes a man, as it

were, by the collar and says, "You must do your best, you must climb the infinite hill of human progress as long as you live." Now and then one gets tired. He says, "I have climbed enough, and so much better than I expected to do that I don't wish to travel any further." Now and then one gets tired and lets go all hold, and he rolls down to the very bottom, and as he strikes the mud he springs upon his feet transfigured, and says, "Hurrah for Hancock."

—I will not give currency to a solitary word against the reputation of an American citizen unless I know it to be true.

—Prejudice will give the lie to all the other senses. It will swear the North star out of the sky of truth.

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The Flag of My Country.

More good, blood has been shed for our flag than for any other flag that waves in this world. I have as much right to speak here as if I had been born here. (Laughter.) That is the country in which I believe; that is the nation that commands my respect, that protects all. This doctrine of State sovereignty has to be done away with; we have got to stamp it out. Let me tell you its history: The first time it appeared was when they wished to keep the slave trade alive until 1808. The first resort to this doctrine was for the protection of piracy and murder, and the next time they appealed to it was to keep the slave trade alive, so that a man in Virginia could sell the very woman who nursed him, to the rice fields of the South. It was done so that they could raise mankind as a crop. (Laughter.) It was a crop that they could raise the year around. [Renewed laughter.] The next time that they appealed to the doctrine was in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law, so that every white man in the North was to become a hound. to bay upon the track of the fugitive slave. Under that law the North agreed to catch women and give them back to the bloodhounds of the South. Under that infamy men and women were held and were kidnapped under the shadow of the dome of the National Capitol. If the Democratic party had remained in power it would be so now. [Cheers.]

The South said: "Be friends with us; all we want

is to steal labor; be friends with us; all we want of you is to have you catch our slaves; be friends with us; all we want of you is to be in partnership in the business of slavery, and we are to take all the money, and you are to have the disgrace and dishonor for your share."

The dividend didn't suit.

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State Rights and the Extension of Slavery.

The next time they appealed to the doctrine of State rights was that they might extend the area of human slavery; it was that they might desecrate the fair fields of Kansas. The next time they appealed to this infamous doctrine was in secession and treason; so now, when when I hear any man advocate this doctrine, I know that he is not a friend of my country; he is not a friend of humanity, of liberty or of progress.

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Taffy for a Jury.

I have spoken now, gentlemen, the last words that will be spoken in public for my clients, the last words that will be spoken in public for any of these defendants; the last words that will be heard in their favor, until I hear from the foreman the two elegant words, "Not guilty." And now, thanking the court for many acts of personal kindness, and you, gentleman of the jury, for your almost infinite patience, I leave my clients with all they love, with all who love them, in your hands.

Science.

From Copernicus we learned that this earth is only a grain of sand on the infinite shore of the universe: that everywhere we are surrounded by shining worlds vastly greater than our own, all moving and existing in accordance with law. True, the earth began to grow small, but man began to grow great.

In speaking of astronomy, I have confined myself to the discoveries made since the revival of learning. Long ago, on the banks of the Ganges, ages before Copernicus lived, Aryabhatta taught that the earth is a sphere, and revolves on its own axis. This, however, does not detract from the glory of the great German. The discovery of the Hindu had been lost in the midnight of Europe—in the age of faith, and Copernicus was as much a discoverer as though Aryabhatta had never lived.

In this short address there is no time to speak of other sciences, and to point out the particular evidence furnished by each, to establish the dominion of law, nor to

more than mention the name of Descartes, the first who undertook to give an explanation of the celestial motions, or who formed the vast and philosophic conception of reducing all the phenomena of the universe to the same law; of Montaigne, one of the heroes of common sense; of Galvini, whose experiments gave the telegraph to the world; of Voltaire, who contributed more than any other of the sons of men to the destruction of relgious intolerance; of August Comte, whose genius erected to itself a monument that still touches the stars; of Guttenberg, Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright, all soldiers of science in the grand army of the dead kings.

The glory of science is, that it is freeing the soul—breaking the mental faculties—getting the brain out of bondage—giving courage to thought—filling the world with mercy, justice and joy.

Science found agriculture plowing with a stick—reaping with a sickle—commerce at the mercy of the treacherous waves and the inconstant winds—a world without books—without schools—man denying the authority of reason, employing his ingenuity in the manufacture of instruments of torture, in building inquisitions and cathedrals. It found the land filled with malicious monks—with persecuting Protestants and the burners of men. It found a world full of fear; ignorance upon its knees; credulity the greatest virtue; women treated like beasts of burden; cruelty the only means of reformation. It found the world at the mercy of disease and famine; men trying to read their fates in the stars, and to tell their fortunes by signs and wonders; generals thinking to conquer their enemies by making the sign of the cross, or by telling a rosary.

Such was the condition of man when the morning of science dawned upon his brain, and before he had heard the sublime declaration that the universe is governed by law.

No wonder that fable is the enemy of knowledge. A man with a false diamond shuns the society of lapidaries, and it is upon this principle that superstition abhors science.

All has been accomplished by the heroic few. The men of science have explored heaven and earth, and with infinite patience have furnished the facts. The brave thinkers have used them. The gloomy caverns of superstition have been transformed into temples of thought, and the demons of the past are the angels of to-day.

There is lots of happiness in this world; and, I say, let us, in every way we can, increase it. I envy every man who is content with his lot, whether he is poor or whether he is rich.

I tell you, the man who tries to make somebody else happy, and who owns his own soul, nobody having a mortgage or deed of trust upon his manhood or liberty —this world is a pretty good world for such a man. I do not care: I am going to say my say, whether I make money or grow poor; no matter whether I get high office or walk along the dusty highway of the common. I am going to say my say, and I had rather be a farmer and live upon forty acres of land—live in a log cabin that I built myself, and have a little grassy path going down to the spring, so that I can go there and hear the waters gurgling, and know that it is coming out from the lips of the earth, like a poem, whispering to the white pebbles

—I would rather live there, and have some hollyhocks at the corner of the house, with the larks singing and swinging in the trees, and some lattice over the window, so that the sunlight can fall checkered on the babe in the cradle—I had rather live there and have the freedom of my own brain; I had rather do that than live in a palace of gold, and crawl, a slimy hypocrite, through this world.

Allow me to say, further, that this world is not, in my judgment, yet perfect. I am doing, in a very feeble way, to be sure, but I am still endeavoring, according to my idea, to make this world just a little better; to give a little more liberty to men, a little more liberty to women. I believe in the government of kindness; I believe in truth, in investigation, in free thought. I do not believe that the hand of want will be eternally extended in the world; I do not believe the prison will forever scar the ground, I do not believe that the shadow of the gallows will forever curse the earth; I do not believe that it will always be true that the men who do the most work will have the least to wear and the least to eat. I do believe that the time will come when liberty, morality and justice, like the rings of Saturn, will surround the world; that the world will be better, and every true man and every free man will do what he can to hasten the coming of human advancement.

I think more of the living than I do of the dead. The world is for the living. The grave is not a throne, and a corpse is not a king.. The living have a right to control this world. I think a good deal more of to-day than I do of yesterday, and I think more of to-morrow than I do of this day; because it is nearly gone—that is the

way I feel, and this is my creed: The time to be happy is now; the way to be happy is to make somebody else happy; and the place to be happy is here.

There is one good—happiness. There is one sin—selfishness. All laws should be for the preservation of the one and the destruction of the other.

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The Dark Ages and Progress.

Progress is born of courage. Fear believes, courage doubts. Fear falls upon the earth and prays; courage stands erect and thinks. Fear retreats; courage advances. Fear is barbarism; courage is civilization. Fear believes in witchcraft, courage in science and in eternal law. One of the greatest men of the world, an astronomer second to none, discoverer of the three great laws that explain the solar system, was an astrologer, and believed that he could predict the career of a man by finding what star was in the ascendant at his birth. He believed in what is known as the music of the spheres, and he ascribed the qualities of the music—alto, bass, tenor and treble—to certain of the planets. Another man kept an idiot, whose words he put down and then put them together in such a manner as to make promises, and waited patiently to see that they were fulfilled. Luther believed he had actually seen the devil and discussed points of theology with him. The human mind was enchained. Every idea, almost, was a mystery. Facts were looked upon as worthless; only the wonderful was worth preserving. Devils were thought to be the most industrious beings in the universe. and with these imps every occurrence of an unusual character was connected.

There was no order, certainty; everything depended upon ghosts and phantoms, and man, for the most part, considered himself at the mercy of malevolent spirits. He protected himself as best he could with holy water, and with tapers, and wafers, and cathedrals. He made noises to frighten the ghosts and music to charm them; he fasted when he was hungry and feasted when he was not; he believed everything unreasonable; he humbled himself; he crawled in the dust; he shut the doors and windows, and excluded every ray of light from his soul; and he delayed not a day to repair the walls of his own prison; and from the garden of the human heart they plucked and trampled into the bloody dust the flowers and blossoms.

The condition of this world during the dark ages show exactly the result of enslaving the souls of men. In those days there was no liberty. Liberty was despised, and the laborer was considered hut little above the beast. Ignorance, like a vast cowl, coverd the brain of the whole wide world; superstition ran riot, and credulity sat upon the throne of the soul. Murder and hypocrisy were the companions of man, and industry was a slave. Every country maintained that it was no robbery to take the property of Mohammedans by force, and no murder to kill the owner. Lord Bacon was the first man who maintained that a Christian country was bound to keep its plighted faith with a Mohammedan nation.

The nobles and the kings quarreled; the priests began to dispute, and the millions began to get their rights. In 1441 printing was discovered. At that time the past was a vast cemetery without an epitaph. The ideas of men had mostly perished in the brains that had pro-

duced them. Printing gives an opening for thought; it preserves ideas; it made it possible for a man to bequeath to the world the wealth of his thoughts. About the same time, or a little before, the Moors had gone into Europe, and it can be truthfully said that science was thrust into the brain of Europe upon the point of a Moorish lance. They gave us paper, and what is printing without paper?—a bird without wings. I tell you, paper has been a splendid thing.

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What is Matter?

What is matter? I take a handful of earth in my hands, and into that dust I put seeds, and arrows from the eternal quiver of the sun smite it, and the seeds grow and bud and blossom, and fill the air with perfume in my sight. Do you understand that? Do you understand how this dust and these seeds and that light and this moisture produced that bud and that flower and that perfume? Do you understand that any better than you do the production of thought? Do you understand that any better than you do a dream? Do you understand that any better than you do the thoughts of love that you see in the eyes of the one you adore? Can you explain it? Can you tell what matter is? Have you the slightest conception? Yet you talk about matter as though you were acquainted with its origin—as though you had compelled, with clenched hands, the very rocks to give up the secret of existence. Do you know what force is? Can you account for molecular action? Are you familiar with chemistry? Can you account for the loves and the

hatreds of the atoms? Is there not something in matter that forever eludes you? Can you tell what matter really is?

Can you tell of anything without a material basis? Is it possible to imagine the annihilation of a single atom? Can you have a thought that is not suggested to you by what you call matter? Did any man or woman or child ever have a solitary thought, dream or conception, that was not suggested to them by something they had seen in nature? Can you conceive of anything the different parts of which have nto been suggested to you by nature? You can ccnceive of an animal with the hoofs of a bison, with the pouch of a kangaroo, with the head of a buffalo, with the tail of a lion, with the scales of a fish, with the wings of a bird, and yet every part of this impossible monster has been suggested to you by nature. You say time, therefore you think eternity. You say pain, therefore you can think hell. You say strength, therefore you can think omnipotence. You say wisdom, therefore you can think infinite wisdom. Everything you see, everything you can dream of or think of has been suggested to you by your surroundings, by nature. Man cannot rise above nature; below nature man cannot fall.

Matter and the universe are the same yesterdy, to-day and forever. There is just as much matter in the universe to-day as there ever was, and as there ever will be; there is just as much force and just as much energy as there ever was or ever will be; but it is continually taking different shapes and forms; one day it is a man, another day it is an animal, another day it is earth, another day it is metal, another day it is gas; it gains nothing and loses nothing.

Thoughts on Liberty and Progress.

I want to prove to you if I can that this is all a question of intellectual development, a question of sense, and the more a man knows the more liberal he is; the less a man knows the more bigoted he is. The less a a man knows the more certain he is that he knows it, and the more a man knows the better satisfied he is that he is entirely ignorant. Great knowledge is philosophic, and little, narrow, contemptible knowledgs is bigoted and hateful.

We used to worship the golden calf, and the worst you can say of us now, is, we worship the gold of the calf, and even the calves are beginning to see this distinction. We used to go down on our knees to every

man that held office, now he must fill it if he wishes any respect. We care nothing for the rich, except what will they do with their money? Do they benefit mankind? That is the question. You say this man holds an office. How does he fill it ?—that is the question. And there is rapidly growing up in the world an aristocracy of heart and brain—the only aristocracy that has a right to exist. We are getting free. We are thinking in every direction. We are investigating with the the microscope and the telescope. We are digging into the earth and findidg souvenirs of all the ages. We are finding out something about the laws of health and disease. We are adding years to the span of human life and we are making the world fit to live in. That is what we are doing and every man that has an honest thought and expresses it, helps, and every man that tries to keep honest thought from being expressed is an obstruction and a hindrance.

But there are now and then a man who would not do that. He said, "No, I believe I am right, and I will die for it," and I suppose we owe what little progress we have made to a few meu in all ages of the world who really stood by their convictions. The men who stood by the truth and the men who stood by a fact, they are the men that have helped raise this world, and in every age there has been some sublime and tender soul who was true to his convictions and who really lived to make men better. * In every age some men carried the torch of progress and handed it to some other, and it has been carried through all the dark ages of barbarism, and had it not been for such men we would have been naked and unciviliz ed to-night, with pictures of wild beasts tat-

tooed on our skins, dancing around some dried snake fetish.

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The Abolitionists.

The abolitionits were horoes. He loves his country best who strives to make it best, The bravest men are those who have the greatest fear of doing wrong. Mere politicians wish the country to do something for them; true patriots desire to do something for their conntry.

To-day we reverently thank the abolitionists. Earth has produced no grander men and nobler women. They were the real philanthropists, the true patriots.

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Woman's Wrights.

We demand, next, that woman shall be put on an equality with man. Why not? Why shouldn't men be

decent enough in the management af the politics of the country for the women to mingle with them? It is an outrage that any one should live in this country for sixty or seventy years and be forced to obey the laws without having any voice in making them. Let us give woman the opportunity to care for herself, since men are not decent enough to care for her. The time will come when we'll treat a woman that works and takes care of two or three chileren as well as a woman dressed in diamonds who does nothing. The time will come when we'll not tell our domestic we expect to meet her in heaven, and yet not be willing to have her speak to us in the drawing-room.

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Ingersoll on the Chinese Question.

Our religion can only be brought into contempt by the

actions of those who profess to be governed by its teachings. This report will do more in that direction than millions of Chinese could do by burning pieces of paper

before a wooden image. If you wish to impress the Chinese with the value of your religion, of what you are pleased to call "The American system," show them that Christians are better than heathens. Prove to them that what you are pleased to call the "living God" teaches higher and holier things, a grander and purer code of morals than can be found upon pagan pages. Excel these wretches in industry, in honesty, in reverence for parents, in cleanliness, in frugality; and above all by advocating the absolute liberty of human thought.

Do not trample upon these people because they have a different conception of things about which even this committee knows nothing.

For the benefit of these four philosophers an prophets, I will give a few extracts from the writings of Confucius that will, in my judgment, compare favorably with the best passages of their report:

"My doctrine is that man must be true to the principles of his nature, and the benevolent exercises of them toward others.

"With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and with my bended a;m for a pillow, I will have joy.

"Riches and honor acquired by injustice are to me but floating clouds.

"The man who, in view of gain, thinks of righteousness; who, in view of danger, forgets life, and who remembers an old agreement, however far back it extends, such a man may be reckoned a complete man.

"Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness."

There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life: Reciprocity is that word.

When the ancestors of the four Christian Congressmen were barbarians, when they lived in caves, gnawed bones, and worshiped dry snakes, the infamous Chinese were reading tnese sublime sentences of Confucius. When the forefathers of these Christian statesmen were hunting toads to get the jewels out of their heads to be used as charms, the wretched Chinese were calculating eclipses and measuring the circumference of the earth. When the progenitors of these representatives of the "American system of religion" were burning women charged with nursing devils, these people, "incapable of being influenced by the exalted character of our civilization," were building asylums for the insane.

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Superstition.

Superstition has done enough harm already. * * * * * * They have chained the Andromeda of joy to the cold rock of ignorance and fear, there to be devoured by the dragon of superstition.

The moment the idea is abandoned that everything in this universe is natural—that all phenomena are the necessary links in the endless chain of being—the conception of history becomes impcssible that the ghost of the present is not the child of the past; the present is not the mother of the future. In the domain of superstition all is accident and caprice. Nothing happens by accident; nothing happens by chance.

Are men restrained by superstition? Are men re-

strained by what you call religion? I used to think they were not; now I admit they are. No man has ever been restrained from the commission of a real crime, but from an artificial one he has. There was a man who committed murder. They got the evidence, but he confessed that he did it,

"What did you do it for?" "Money." "Did you get any money?" "Yes." "How much?" "Fifteen cents." "What kind of a man was he?" "A laboring man I killed." "What did you do with the money?" "I bought liquor with it." "Did he have anything else?" "I think he had some meat and bread." "What did you do with that?" "I ate the bread and threw away the meat; it was Friday." So you see it will restrain in some things.

Whoever is superstitious is not quite civilized. Superstition is a souvenir of the animal world. Fear is the dungeon of the soul. Superstition is the dagger by which manhood is assassinated.

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What Civilization Owes to Great Discoverers and Thinkers.

The discovery of America whose shores were trod by the restless feet of adventure and the people of every nation—out of this strange mingling of facts and fancies came the great Republic. Every fact has pushed a superstition from the brain and a ghost from the cloud. Every mechanical art is an educator; every loom, every reaper, every mower' every steamboat, every locomotive, every engine, every press, every telegraph is a missionary of science and an apostle of progress; every mill,

every furnace with its wheels and levers, in which something is made for the convenience, for the use and the comfort and the well-being of man, is my kind of church, and every schoolhouse is a temple. Education is the most radical thing in this world. To teach the alphabet is to inaugurate a revolution; to build a schoolhouse is to

Thomas A Edison

construct a fort; every library is an arsenal filled with the weapons and ammunition of progress; every fact is a monitor with sides of iron and a turret of steel. I thank the inventors and discoverers. I thank Columbus and Magellan. I thank Locke and Hume, Bacon and Shakspeare. I thank Fulton and Watts, Franklin and

Morse, who made lightning the messenger of man. I thank Luther for protesting against the abuses of the church, but denounce him because he was an enemy of liberty. I thank Calvin for writing a book in favor of religious freedom, but I abhor him because he burned Servetus. I thank the Puritans for saying that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God, and yet I am compelled to admit that they were tyrants themselves. I thank Thomas Paine because he was a believer in liberty.

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The Future.

We do not say that we have discovered all; that our doctrins are the all in all in truth. We know of no end to the development of man. We can not unravel the infinite complications of matter and force. The history of one monad is as unknown as that of the universe; one drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas; one leaf, as all the forests; and one grain of sand, as all the htores.

We are not endeavoring to chain the future, but to free the present. We are not forging fetters for our children, but we are breaking those our fathers made for us. We are the advocates of inquiry, of investtgation and thought. This of itself is an admission that we are not perfectly satisfied with all our conclusions. Philosophy has not the egotism of faith. While superstition builds walls and creates obstructions, science opens all the highways of thought. We do not pretend to have circumnavigated everything, and to have solved all difficulties, but we do believe that it is better to love men than to fear gods.

We are laying the foundations of a grand temple of the future—not the temple of all the gods, but of all the people—wherein, with appropriate rites, will be celebrated the religion of Humanity. We are doing what little we can to hasten the coming of the day when society shall cease producing millionaires and mendicants—gorged indolence and famished industry—truth in rags, and superstition robed and crowned.

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Nature and Science.

Nature, so far as we can discern, without passion and without intention, forms, transforms, and re-transforms forever. She neither weeps nor rejoices. She produces man without purpose, and obliterates him without regret. She knows no distinction between the beneficial and the hurtful. Poison and nutrition, pain and joy, life

and death, smiles and tears are alike to her. She is neither merciful nor cruel. She cannot be flattered by worship nor melted by tears.

Will the religionist pretend that the real end of science is to ascertain how and why God acts? Science, from such a standpoint, would consist in investigating the law of arbitrary action, and in a grand endeavor to ascertain the rules necessarily obeyed by infinite caprice.

From a philosophical point of view, science is knowledge of the laws of life; of the condition of hapiness; of the facts by which we are surrounded, and the relations we sustain to men and things—by means of which man, so to speak, subjugates nature and bends the elemental powers to his will, making blind force the servant of his brain.

The people perish for the lack of knowledge.

Nothing but education—scientific education—can benefit mankind. We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them.

We need free bodies and free minds,—free labor and free thought,—chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

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Progress.

Let me show you how we have advanced. Suppose you took every man and woman out of the penitentiary in New England and shipped them to a new country, where man before had never trod, and told them to make a government and constitution, and a code of laws for

themselves. I say to-night that they would make a better constitution and a better code of laws than any that were made in any of the original thirteen colonies of the United States.

Not that they are better men, not that they are more honest, but that they have got more sense. They have been touched with the dawn of eternal day of liberty that will finally come to this world. They would have more respect for others' rights than they had at that time.

I have to put on a pair of spectacles, but the other day, as I was putting them on, a thought struck me. I see progress in this. To progress is to overcome the obstacles of nature, and in order to overcome this obstacle of the loss of sight man invented spectacles. Spectacles led man to the telescope, with which he read all the starry heavens; and had it not been for the failure of sight, we wouldn't have seen a millionth part that we have.

There is nothing grander in this world than to rescue from the leprosy of slander a great and splendid name. There is nothing nobler than to benefit our benefactors. The infidels of one age have been the aureole saints of the next. The destroyers of the old have always been the creators of the new. The old passes away and the new becomes old. There is in the intellectual world, as in the material, decay and growth; and even by the sunken grave of age stand youth and joy.

The Decay of Myths.

In the vast cemetery, called the past, are most of the religions of men, and there, too, are nearly all their gods. The sacred temples of India were ruins long ago. Over columns and cornice; over the painted and pictured walls, cling and creep the trailing vines. Brahma, the golden, with four heads and four arms; Vishnu, the somber, the punisher of the wicked, with his three eyes, his crescent, and his necklace of skulls; Siva, the destroyer, red with seas of blood; Kali, the goddess; Draupadi, the white-armed, and Chrishna, the Christ, all passed away and left the thrones of heaven desolate. Along the banks of the sacred Nile, Isis no longer wandering weeps, searching for the dead Osiris. The shadow of Typhon's scowl falls no more upon the waves. The sun rises as of yore, and his golden beams still smite the lips of Memnon, but Memnon is as voiceless as the Sphinx. The sacred fanes are lost in desert sands; the dusty mummies are still waiting for the resurrection promised by their priests, and the old beliefs, wrought in curiously sculptured stone, sleep in the mystery of a language lost and dead. Odin, the author of life and soul, Vili and Ve, and the mighty giant Ymir, strode long ago from the icy halls of the North; and Thor, with iron glove and glittering hammer, dashes mountains to the earth no more. Broken are the circles and cromlechs of the ancient Druids; fallen upon the summits of the hills, and covered with the centuries' moss, are the sacred cairns. The divine fires of Persia and of the Aztecs, have died out in the ashes of the past, and there is none to rekindle, and none to feed the holy flames.

The harp of Orpheus is still; the drained cup of Bacchus has been thrown aside; Venus lies dead in stone, and her white bosom heaves no more with love. The streams still murmur, but no naiads bathe; the trees

still wave, but in the forest aisles no dryads dance. The gods have flown from high Olympus. Not even the beautiful women can lure them back, and Danæ lies unnoticed, naked to the stars. One by one, the myths have faded from the clouds: one by one the phantom host has disappeared, and one by one, facts, truths and realities have taken their places.

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EARLY HOME OF GEN. GARFIELD AND FAMILY.

Love and Home.

If you make your wife a perpetual beggar, what kind of children do you expect to raise with a beggar for their mother? If you want great children, if you want to people this world with great and grand men and women they must he born of love and liberty. I have known men that would trust a woman with their heart—if you call that thing, which pushes their blood around, a heart,

and with their honor—if you call that fear of getting into the penitentiary, honor—I have known men that would trust that heart and that honor with a woman, but not their pocket-book—not a dollar bill. When I see a man of that kind, I think they know better than I do which of these three articles is the most valuable.

I believe that marriage should be a perfrct partnership; that woman shall have all the rights that man has, and one more—the right to be protected. I believe in marriage.

It took hundreds and thousands of years for woman to get from a state of abject slavery up to the height even of marriage.

Woman came from a condition of abject slavery, and thousands and thousands of them are in that condition now. I believe marriage should be a perfect and equal partnership. I do not like a man who thinks he is boss. I do not like a man who thinks he is the head of the family. I do not like a man who thinks he has got authority and that the woman belongs to him—that wants for his wife a slave. I would not have a slave for my wife.

I tell my children this: Go where you may, commit what crime you may, fall to what depths of degredation you may, I can never shut my arms, my heart, or my door to you. As long as I live you shall have one sincere friend: do not be afraid to tell anything wrong you have done; ten to one if I have not done the same thing.

I am not perfection, and if it is necessary to sin in order to have sympathy, I am glad I have committed sin enough to have sympathy. The sternness of perfection

I do not want. I am going to live so that my children can come to my grave and truthfully say, "He who sleeps here never gave us one moment of pain."

Give a child a chance. When I was a boy we always went to bed when we were not sleepy, and we always got up when we were sleepy. Let a child commence at which end of the day they please, that is their business; they know more about it than all the doctors in the world. The voice of nature, when a man is free, is the voice of right, but when his passions have been dammed up by custom, the moment that is withdrawn he rushes to some excess. Let him be free from the first. Let your children grow in the free air and they will fill your house with perfume.

In the first place this world is not very well adapted to raising good people; there is but one-quarter of it land to start with; it is three times as well adapted to fish culture as it is to man, and of that one-quarter there is but a small belt where they raise men of genius. There is one strip from which all the men and women of genius come. When you go too far north you find no brain, when you go too far south you find no genius, and there never has been a high degree of civilization except where there is winter. I say that winter is the father and mother of the fireside, the family of nations; and around that fireside blossom the fruits of our race. In a country where they don't need any bed clothes except the clouds, revolution is the normal condition—not much civilization there. When in the winter I go by a house where the curtain is a little bit drawn, and I look in there and see children poking the fire and wishing they had as many dollars or knives or something else as there are

sparks; and when I see the old man smoking and the smoke curling above his head like incense from the altar of domestic peace, the other children reading or doing semething, and the old lady with her needle and shears —I never pass such a scene that I do not feel a little ache of joy in my heart.

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The Old and the New.

We must remember that this is a world of progress, a world of change. There is perpetual death, and there is perpetual birth. By the grave of the old forever stands youth and joy; and, when an old religion dies a better one is born. When we find out that an assertion is a falsehood, a shining truth takes its place, and we need not fear the destruction of the false. The more false we destory the more room there will be for the true. There was a time when the astrologer sought to read in the stars the fate of men and nations. The astrologer has faded from the world, but the astronomer has taken his place, There was a time when the poor alchemist, bent and wrinkled and old, over his crucible endeavored to find some secret by which he could change the baser metals into purest gold. The alchemist is gone; the chemist took his place; and, although he finds nothing to change metals into gold, he finds something that covers the earth with wealth.

Superstition must go. Science will remain. The brain of the world is not yet developed. There are intellectual diseases the same as diseases of the body. Intellectual mumps and measles still afflict mankind. Whenever the new comes, the old protests, and the old fights

for its place as long as it has a particle of power. And we are now having the same warfare between superstition and science that there was between the stage-coach and the locomotive.

But the stage-coach had to go. It had its day of glory and power, but it is gone. It went West. In a little while it will be driven into the Pacific, with the last Indian aboard.

So in the schools of medicine. You can remember—so can I—when the old allopathist reigned supreme. If there was anything the matter with a man, they let out his blood. Called to his bedside, they took him to the edge of eternity with medicine, and then practiced all their art to bring him back to life. One can hardly imagine how perfect a constitution it took, a few years ago, to stand the assault of a doctor. And long after it was found to be a mistake, hundreds and thousands of the old physicians clung to it; carried around with them, in one pocket a bottle of jalap, and in the other a rusty lancet, sorry that they couldn't find some patient idiotic enough to allow the experiment to be made again.

A Touching Incident.

Only a little while ago there was a ship from Liverpool out eighty days with its rudder washed away; for ten days nothing to eat—nothing but the bare decks and hunger; and the captain took a revolver in his hand, put it to his brain and said: "Some of us must die for the others, and it might as well be I." One of his companions grasped the pistol and said, "Captain, wait; wait one day more. We can live another day." And the next morning the horizon was rich with a sail, and they were saved.

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Recollect This.

Recollect that everything except the demonstrated truth is liable to die. That is the order of nature. Words die. Every language has a century. Every now and then a word dies and a tombstone is erected, and across it is written the word "obsolete." New words are continually being born. There is a cradle in which a word is rocked. A thought is molded to a sound, and a child-word is born. And then comes a time when the word gets old and wrinkled and expressionless, and is carried mournfully to the grave, and that is the end of it.

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A Little Suspicious.

If a man should tell you that he had the most beautiful painting in the world, and, after taking you where it was, should insist upon having your eyes shut, you would likely suspect either that he had no painting or that it was some pitiable daub. Should he tell you that he was

a most excellent performer on the violin, and yet refuse to play unless your ears were stopped, you would think, to say the least of it, that he had an odd way of convincing you of his musical ability. But would his conduct be any more wonderful than the religionist who asks that before examining his creed you will have the kindness to throw away your reason? The first gentleman says, "Keep your eyes shut, my picture will bear everything but being seen." "Keep your ears stopped; my music objects to nothing but being heard."

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"I am a Liar Myself."

I heard a story the other day. A gentleman was telling a very remarkable circumstance that happened to himself, and all the listeners, except one, said, "Is it possible? Did you ever hear such a wonderful thing in all your life?" They noticed that this one man didn't appear to take a vivid interest in the story; so one said to him, "You don't express much astonishment at the story?" "No," says he, "I am a liar myself."

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A Delaware Story.

Our fathers used the language of Lincoln, and they made a government for the peopte, by the people. This is not a Christian country. Some gentleman said, "How about Delaware?" I told him there was a man in Washington some twenty or thirty years ago who came there and said he was a Revolutionary soldier, and wanted a pension. He was so bent and bowed over that the wind blew the shoestrings into his eyes. They asked

him how old he was, and he said fifty years. "Why, good man, you can't get a pension because the war was over before you were born. You musn't fool us." "Well," said he, "I'll tell you the truth. I lived sixty years in Delaware, but I don't count that, and I hope God won't."

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Italy's Resurrection.

For hnndreds of years Italy was the beggar of the earth, and held out both hands. Gold and silver flowed from every land into her palms, and she became covered with nunneries, monasteries and the pilgrims of the world. Italy was sacred dust. Her soil was a perpetual blessing, her sky was an eternal smile. Italy was guilty, not simply of the death of the Catholic Church, but Italy was dead and buried, and would have been in her grave still had it not been for Mazzini, Garibaldi and Cavour.

When the prophecy of Garibaldi shall be fulfilled, when the priests, with spades in their hands, shall dig the ditches to drain the Pontine marshes, when the monasteries shall be factories, when the whirling wheels of industry shall drown the drowsy and hypocritical prayers, then, and not till then, will Italy be great and free. Italy is the only instance in our history, and in the history of the world, so far as we know, of the resurrection of a nation. She is the first frnits of them that sleep.

An Old Fable.

There is an old fable of Orpheus and Eurydice. Eurydice had been captured and taken to the infernal regions, and Orpheus went after her, taking with him his harp and playing as he went; and when he came to the infernal regions he began to play, and Sysiphus sat down upon the stone he had been heaving up the side of the mountain so many years, and which continually rolled so many years, and which continually rolled back upon him; Ixion paused upon his wheel of fire; Tantalus ceased in his vain efforts for water; the daughters of the Danaidæ left off trying to fill their sieves with water; Pluto smiled, and for the first time in the history of hell the cheeks of the furies were wet with tears; monsters relented and they sad, "Eurydice may go with you, but you must not look back." So he again threaded the caverns, playing as he went, and as he again reached the light he failed to hear the footsteps of Eurydice, and he looked back, and in a moment she was gone. This old fable gives to us the idea of the perpetual effort to rescue truth from the clutches of the monsters. Some time Orpheus will not look back. Some day Eurydice will reach the blessed light.

Freedom and Slavery.

I want to convince you that every form of slavery, physical or mental, is a viper that will finally fill with poison the breast of any man alive. I want to show you that there should be Republicanism in the domain of thought as well as in civil government. The first step towards progress is for man to cease to be the slave of the creatures of his creation. Men found at last that the event was more valuable than the prophecy, especi-

ally if it never comes to pass. They found that diseases were not produced by spirits; that they could not be cured by frightening them away. They found that death was as natural as life. They began to study the anatomy and chemistry of the human body, and they found that all was natural, and the conjurer and the sorcerer were dismissed, and the physician and surgeon were employed. They learned that being born under a star or planet had nothing to do with their luck; the astologer was discharged and the astronomer took his place. They found that the world had swept through the constellation for millions of ages. They found that diseases were produced as easily as grass, and were not sent as a punishment upon men for failing to believe a creed. They found that man, through intelligence, could take advantage of the affairs of nature; that he could make the waves, the winds, the flames, and the lightnings slaves at his bidding, to administer to his wants; they found the ghosts knew nothing of benefit to man; that they were entirely ignorant of history; that they were bad doctors and worse surgeons; that they knew nothing of the law and less of justice; that they were poor politicians; that they were tyrants, and that they were without brains and utterly destitute of hearts.

You don't know how splendid I feel about the liberty I have. The horizon is filled with glory and the air is filled with wings. If there are any in this world who think that they dare not tell what they really think because it would take bread from their little children; because it will take clothing from their families—don't do it! don't make martyrs of yourselves! I don't believe in martyrdom! Go right along with them; go to church

and say amen as near the right place as you can. I will do your talking for you. They can't take the bread away from me. I will talk. Bodemus, a lawyer of France, wrote a few words in favor of freedom of conscience. Montaigne was the first to raise his voice against torture in France; but what was the voice of one man against the terrible cry of ignorant, infatuated, malevolent millions.

I intend to do what little I can, and I am going to do it kindly. I am going to appeal to reason and to charity, to justice, to science, and to the future. For my part I glory in the fact that in the New World, in the United States, liberty of conscience was first granted to to man, and that the Constitution of the United States was the first decree entered in the high court of human equity forever divorcing Church and State. It is the grandest step ever taken by the human race; and the Declaration of Independence was the first document that retired ghosts from politics. It is the first document that said authority does not come from the clouds; authority does not come from phantoms of the air; authority is not from that direction; it comes from the people themselves. The Declaration of Independence enthroned man and dethroned the phantoms.

Death and Immortality

I would not for anything blot out the faintest stars that shine in the horizon of human despair, nor in the horizon of human hope.

But for me, I will leave the dead where nature leaves them. And whatever flower of hope springs up in my heart I will cherish.

The idea of immortality, like the great sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves against the rocks and sands of fate and time. It was not born of the Bible. It was born of the human heart, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. We do not know. We do not prophesy a life of pain. We leave the dead with Nature, the mother of us all, under a seven-hued bow of hope. Under the seven-hued arch let the dead sleep.

We cannot say whether death is a wall or a door, the beginning or end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar or the folding forever of wings; whether it is the rising or the setting of a sun, or an endless life that brings rapture and love to every one—we do not know; we can not say.

If there is a world of joy, so much the better. I have never put out the faintest star of human hope that ever trembled in the night of life. There was a time when I was not; after that I was; now I am. And it is just as probable that I will live again as it was that I could have lived before I did. Let it go. Ah! but what will life be? The world will be here. Men and women will be there. The page of history will be open. The walls of

the world will be adorned with art, the niches with sculptare; music will be here, and all there is of life and joy. And there will be homes here, and the fireside, and there will be a common hope without a common fear. Love will be here, and love is the only hope on life's dark cloud.

Love was the first to dream of immortality. Love is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the child; it sheds its radiance upon the peaceful tomb. Love is the mother of beauty—the mother of melody, for music is its voice. Love is the builder of every hope, the kindler of every fire on every hearth. Love is the enchanter, tae magician that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kiags and queens out of common clay. Love is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart. Without that divine passion, without that divine sway, we are less than beasts, and with it earth is heaven and we are gods.

Characterizations of Great Men and Women.

Jefferson was a statesman. He was the author of the Declaration of Independence, founder of a university, father of a political body, President of the United States, a statesman and philosopher.

Humboldt, the Shakspeare of science, the most learned

SHAKSPEARE.

man of the most learned nation, with a mind grand enough to grasp not simply this globe, bnt this constellation—a man who shed light upon the whole eartha—man who honored human nature, and who won all his victories on the field of thought.

La Place, who read the heavens like an open book, who enlarged the horizon of human thought.

Beethoven, master of melody and harmony, who added to the joy of human life, and who has borne upon the

wings of harmony and melody millions of spirits to the height of joy, with his heart still filled with melody.

Robert Burns, poet of love and liberty, and from his heart, like a spring, gurgling and running down the highways, his poems have filled the world with music. They have added luster to human love. That man, who in four lines, gave all the philosophy of life:

"To make happy fireside clime
To weans and wife;
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

Charles Dickens, whose genius will be a perpetual shield saving thousands and millions of children from blows, who did more to make us tender with children than any other writer that ever touched a pen.

Ralph Waldo Emerson—a man of the loftiest ideal, a perfect model of integrity, whose mind was like a placid lake and reflected truths like stars.

Longfellow, whose poems, tender as the dawn, have gone into millions of homes, not an impure, not a stained word in them all.

Charles Darwin—a child of nature—one who knew more about his mother than any other child she ever had. What is philosophy? it is to account for phenomena by which we are surrounded—that is, to find the hidden cord that unites everything.

He would have traversed this globe on foot had it been possible to have found one new fact or to have corrected one error that he had made. No nobler man has lived. No man who has studied with more reverence, (and by reverence I mean simply one who lives and studies for the truth)—no man who studied with more reverence than he.

Shakespeare, the greatest man who ever touched this planet, within whose brain were the fruits of all thought past, the seeds of all to be—Shakspeare, who was an intellectual ocean toward which all rivers ran and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain—that man who has added more to the intelligence of the world than any other who ever lived—that man, whose creations will live as long as man has imagination.

And Harriet Martineau, who did as much for English liberty as any man, brave and free.

"George Eliot," the greatest woman the English-speaking people ever produced.

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Shakspeare's Peerless Women.

You can find no woman like Isabella, where reason and purity blend into perfect truth; no woman like Juliet, where passion and purity meet like red and white within the bosom of a flower; no woman like Imogen, who said, "what is it to be false?" no woman like Cordelia, that would not show her wealth of love in hope of gain; nor like Hermione, who bore the cross of shame for years; nor like Miranda, who told her love as the flower exposes its bosom to the sun; nor like Desdemona, who was so pure that she could not suspect that another could suspect her of a crime.

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A Splendid Eulogy on "George Eliot."

"George Eliot" carried tenderly in her heart the faults and frailties of her race. She saw the highway of eternal

right through all the winding paths, where folly vainly stalks with thorn-pierced hands, the fading flowers of selfish joy; and whatever you may think or I may think of the one mistake in all her sad and loving life; I know and feel that in the court where her conscience sat as judge she stood acquitted, pure as light and stainless as a star. "George Eliot" has joined the choir invisible whose music is the gladness of this world, and her wondrous lines, her touching poems, will be read hundreds of years after every sermon in which a priest has sought to stain her name shall have vanished utterly from human speech. How appropriate here, with some slight change, the words of Laertes.

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Ingersoll on Evolution.

"It is not so much difference who my father was as who his son is." And I finally said I would rather belong to a race that commenced with the skulless vertebrates in the dim Laurentian seas, that wriggled without knowing why they wriggled, swimming without knowing where they were going, that come along up by degrees through millions of ages, through all that crawls, and swims, and floats, and runs and growls, and barks, and howls, until it struck this fellow in the dug-out. And then that fellow in the dug-out getting a little grander, and each one below calling every one above him a heretic, calling every one who had made a little advance an infidel or an atheist. and finally the heads getting a little higher and donning up a little grander and more splendidly, and finally produced Shakspeare, who harvested all the field of dramatic thought and from whose day until now there

have been none but gleaners of chaff and straw. Shakspeare was an intellectual ocean whose waives touched all the shores of human thought, within which were all the tides and currents and pulses, upon which lay all the lights and shadows, and over which brooded all the calms. and swept all the storms and tempests of which the soul is capable. I would rather belong to that race that commenced with that skulless vertebrate; that produced Shakspeare; a race that has before it an infinite future with the angel of progress leaning from the far horizon, beckoning men forward and upward forever.

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Hypocrites and Heroes.

Do you know, sometimes I have thought that all the hypocrites in the wolrd are not worth one drop of honest blood. I am sorry that any good man ever died for religion. I would rather let them advance a little easier. It is too bad to see a good man srcrificed for a lot of wild beasts and cattle. But there is now and then a man who would not swerve the breadth of a hair. There was now and then a sublime heart willing to die for an intellectual conviction, and had it not been for these men we would have been wild beasts and savages to-day. There were some men who would not take it back, and had it not been for a few such brave, heoric souls in every age, we would have been cannibals, with pictures of wild beasts tatooed upon our breasts, dancing around some dried-snake fetish.

When I read these frightful books it seems to me sometimes as though I had suffered all these things myself.

It seems sometimes as though I had stood upon the shore of exile, and gazed with tearful eyes toward home and native land. It seems to me as though I had been staked out upon the sands of the sea and drowned by the inexorable, advancing tide; as though my nails had been torn from my hands, and into the bleeding quick needles has been thrust; as though my feet had been crushed in iron boots; as though I had been chained in the cell of the Inquisition, and listened with dying ears for the coming foot steps of release; as though I had stood upon the scaffold and saw the glittering ax fall upon me, as though as I had been upon the rack and had seen, bending above me, the white faces of hypocrite priests; as though I had been taken from my fireside, from my wife and children, taken to the public square, chained; as though fagots had been piled about me; as though the flames had climbed around my limbs, and scorched my eyes to blindness, ahd as though my ashes had been scattered to the four winds by all the countless hands of fate. And, while I so feel, I swear that while I live I will do what little I ean to augment the liberties of man woman and child. I denounce slavery and superstition everywhere. I believe in liberty, and happiness, and love, and joy in this world. I an amazed that any man ever had the impudence to try and do another man's thinking.

Superior Men.

The superior man is the man that loves his fellow-man; the superior man is the useful man; the superior man is the kind man, the man who lifts up his down-

PHIL. D. ARMOUR.

trodden brothers; and the greater the load of human sorrow and human want you can get in your arms, the easier you can climb the great hill of fame. The superior man is the man who loves his fellow-man. And

let me say right here, the good men, the superior men, the grand men, are brothers the world over, no matter what their complexion may be; centuries may separate them, yet they are hand inhand; and all the good, and all the grand, and all the superior men, shoulder, to shoulder, heart to heart, are fighting the great battle for the progress of mankind.

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Injustice is Always Punished.

A Government that is founded upon anything except lib erty and justice cannot and ought not to stand. All the wrecks on either side of the river of time; all the wrecks of the great cities and all nations that have passed away—all are a warning that no nation founded upon injustice can stand. From sand-enshrouded Egypt, from the marble wilderness of Athens, from every fallen, crumbling stone of the once mighty Rome, comes a wail, as it were, the cry that no nation founded upon injustice can permanently stand.

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A Grease Story; Ferryman, ditto.

Now, suppose a shareholder in a railroad that had earned $18,000 the past year, should look over the books and find that in that year the railroad had used $12,000 worth of grease. The next year, suppose the earnings should fall off $5,000, and the man, in looking over the accounts, should learn that in that year the road had used only $500 worth of grease. Suppose a the man should say, "The trouble is, we want more grease." What would you think of a man if he discharged the

superintendant for not using more grease? Here we come to a ferryman with his boat hauled up on the sand, and the river dry. "How's business?" we ask him. He says business is rather dull. We say, "You need more boats." I guess he'd tell us, "All I ask for is more water for this one."

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Great men.

It is often said of this or that man, that he is a self-made man—that he was born of the poorest and humblest parents, and that with every obstacle to overcome he became great. This is a mistake. Poverty is generally an advantage. Most of the intellectual giants of the world have been nursed at the sad but loving breast of poverty. Most of those who have climbed highest on the shining ladder of fame commenced at the lowest round. They were reared in the straw-thatched cottages of Europe; in the log-houses of America; in the factories of the great cities; in the midst of toil; in the smoke and din of labor, and on the verge of want. They were rocked by the feet of mothers whose hands, at the same time, were busy with the needle or the wheel.

Great men do not live alone; they are surrounded by the great; they are the instruments used to accomplish the tendencies of their generation; they fulfill the prophecies of their age.

Through all the centuries gone, the mind of man has been beleaguered by the mailed hosts of superstition. Slowly and painfully has advanced the army of deliverance. Hated by those they wished to rescue, despised

by those they were trying to save, these grand soldiers, these immortal deliverers, have fought without thanks, labored without applause, suffered without pity, and they have died execrated and adhorbed. For the good of mankind they accepted isolation, poverty and calumny. They gave up all, sacrificed all, lost all but truth and self-respect.

Elevation of Women.

Now, if men have been slaves, if they have crawled in the dust before one another, what shall I say of women? They have been the slaves of men. It took thousands of ages to bring women from adject slavery up to the

divine height in marriage. I believe in marriage. If there is any Heaven upon earth it is in the family by the fireside, and the family is a unit of government. Without the family relation is tender, pure and true, civilization is impossible. Ladies, the ornaments you wear upon your persons to-night are but the souvenirs of your mother's bondage. The chains around your necks and the bracelets clasped upon your white arms by the thrilled hand of love, have been changed by the wand of civilization from iron to shining, glittering gold. Nearly every civilization in this world accounts for the devilment in it by the crimes of woman. They say woman broguht all the trouble into the world. I don't care if she did. I would rather live in a world full of trouble with the women I love, than to live in Heaven with nobody but men.

But some people say: "Would you allow a woman to vote?" Yes, if she wants to; that is her business, not mine. If a woman wants to vote, I am too much of a gentleman to say she shall not. But they say woman has not sense enough to vote. It don't take much. But it seems to me there are some questions, as for instance, the question of peace and war, that a woman should be allowed to vote upon. A woman that has sons to be offered on the altar of that Moloch, it seems to me that such a grand woman should have as much right to vote upon the question of peace and war as some thrice-besotted sot that reels to the ballot-box and deposits his vote for war. But if women have been slaves, what shall we say of little children born in the sub-cellars, children of poverty, children of crime, children of wealth, children that are afraid when they

hear their names pronounced by the lips of the mother, children that cower in fear when they hear the footsteps of their brutal father, the flotsman and jetsman upon the rude sea of life, my heart goes out to them one and all.

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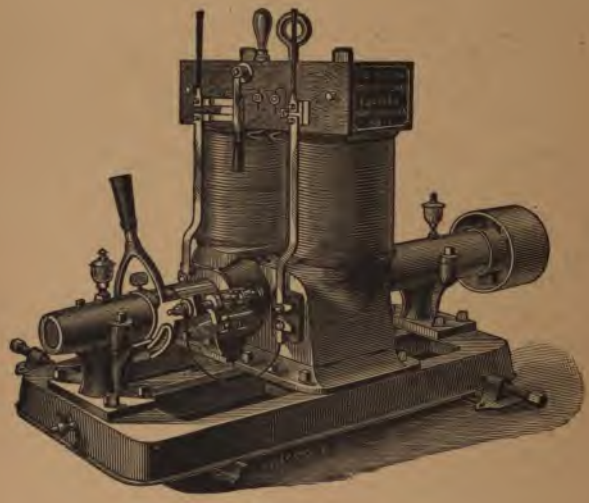
True Nobility of Man.

The time will come when no matter how much money a man has, he will not be respected unless he is using it for the benefit of his fellow-men. It will soon be here. It no longer satisfies the ambition of great men to be king or emporer. The last Napoleon was not satisfied with being the emperor of the French. He was not satisfied with having a circlet of gold about his head. He wanted some evidence that he had something of value within his head. So he wrote the life of Julius Caesar, that he might become a member of the French academy. The emperors, the kings, the popes, no longer tower above their fellows.

Compare, for instance, King William and Helmholtz. The king is one of the anointed by the Most High, as they claim—one upon whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. Compare this king with Helmholtz, who towers in intellectual Colossus above the crowned mediocrity. Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The queen is clothed in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius. And so it is the world over. The time is coming when a man will be rated at his real worth, and that by his brain and heart. We care nothing now about an officer unless he fills his place. No matter if he is president, if

he rattles in the place nobody cares anything about him. I might give you an instance in point, but I won't. The world is getting better and grander and nobler every day.



DYNAMO.

Abraham Lincoln.

This world has not been fit to live in for fifty years. There is no liberty in it—very little. Why, it is only a few years ago that all the Christian nations were engaged iu the slave trade. It was not until 1808 that England abolished the slave trade, and up to that time her priests in her churches and her judges on her benches owned stock in slave ships, and luxuriated on the profits of piracy and murder; and when a man stood up and denounced it they mobbed him as though he had been a common burglar or a horse thief, Think of it! It was not until the 28th day of August, 1833, that England abolished slavery in her colonies; and it was not nntil the 1st day of January, 1863, that Abraham Lincoln, by direction of the entire North, wiped that infamy out of this country; and I never speak of Abraham Lincoln but I want to say that he was, in my judgment, in many respects the grandest man ever President of the United States. I say that upon his tomb there ought to be this line—and I kuow of no other man deserving it so well as he: "Here lies one who having been clothed with almost absolute power never abused it except on the side of mercy."

HIAWATHA FALLS.

Tribute to Humboldt.

Great minds seem to be a part of the infinite. Those possessing them seem to be brothers of the mountains and the seas.

Humboldt was one of those, He was one of the few, great enough to rise above the supcrstition and prejudice of his time, and to know that experience, observation and reason are the only basis of knowledge.

He became one of the greatest of men in spite of hav-

ing been born rich and noble—fn spite of position. I say in spite of these things, because wealth and position are generally the enemies of genius, and the destroyers of talent.

Europe becoming too small for his genius, he visited the tropics. He sailed along the gigantic Amazon—the mysterious Orinoco—traversed the Pampas—climbed the Andes until he stood upon the crags of Chimborazo, more than eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and climbed on until blood flowed from his eyes and lips. For nearly five years he pursued his investigations in the new world, accompanied by the intrepid Bonpland. Nothing escaped his attention. He was the best intellectual organ of these new revelations of science. He was calm, reflective and eloquent; filled with a sense of the beautiful, and the love of truth. His collections were immense, and valuable beyond calculation to every science. He endured innumerable hardships, braved countless dangers in unknown and savage lands, and exhausted his fortune for the advancement of true learning.

Upon his return to Europe he was hailed as the second Columbus; as the scientific discoverer of America; as the revealer of a new world; as the great demonstrator of the sublime truth, that the universe is governed by law. I have seen a picture of the old man, sitting upon a mountain side—above him the eternal snow—below, the smiling valley of the tropics, filled with vine and palm; his chin upon his breast, his eyes deep, thoughtful and calm—his forehead majestic—grander than the mountain upon which he sat—crowned with the snow of his whitened hair, he looked the intellectual autocrat of this world. Not satisfied with his discover-

ies in America, he crossed the steppes of Asia, the wastes of Siberia, the great Ural range adding to the kuowledge of mankind at every step. His energy acknowledged no obstacle, his life knew no leisure; every day was filled with labor and with thought. He was one of the apostles of science, and he served his divine master with a self-sacrificing zeal that knew no abatement; with an ardor that constantly increased, and with a devotion unwavering and constant as the polar star.

Humboldt was the friend and companion of the greatest poets, historians, philologists, artists, statesmen, critics and logicians of his time.

He was the companion of Schiller, who believed that man would be regenerated through the influence of the Beautiful; of Goethe, the grand patriarch of German literature; of Wieland, who has been called the Voltaire of Germany; of Herder, who wrote the outlines of a philosophical history of man; of Kotzebue, who lived in the world of romance; of Schleiermacher, the pantheist; of Schlegel, who gave to his countrymen the enchanted realm of Shakspeare; of the sublime of Kent, author of the first work published in German on Pure Reason; of Fiche, the infinite idealist; of Schoepenhauer, the European Buddhist who followed the great Gautama to the painless and dreamless Nirvana, and of hundreds of others whose name are familiar to and honored by the scientific world.

He was to science what Shakspeare was to the drama.

In all ages the people have honored those who dishonored them. They have worshiped their destroyers;

Wild Apple Blossoms.

they have cononized the most gigantic liars, and buried the great thieves in marble and gold. Under the loftiest monuments sleeps the dust of murder,

Imposture has always worn a crown.

The world is beginning to change because the people are beginning to think. To think is to advance. Everywhere the great minds are investigating the creeds and the superstitions of men—the phenomena of nature, and the laws of things. At the head of this great army of investigators stood Humboldt—the serene leader of an intellectual host—a king by the suffrage of science, and the divine right of genius.

And to-day we are not honoring some butcher called a soldier—some wily politician called a statesman—some robber called a king—nor some malicious metaphysician called a saint. We are honoring the grand Humboldt, whose victories were all achieved in the arena of thought, who destroyed prejndice, ignorance and error—not men, who shed light—not blood, and who contributed to the knowledge, the wealth, and the hapiness of all mankind.

We associate the name of Humboldt with oceans, continents, mountains and volcanoes—with the great palms—the wide deserts—the snow-lipped craters of the Andes—with primeval forests and European capitals—with wildernesses and universities—with savages aud savans—with the lonely rivers of unpeopled wastes—with peaks and pampas, and steppes, and cliffs and crags—with the progress of the world—and every science known to man, and with every star glittering in the immensity of space.

IN THE TROPICS.

Humboldt adopted none of the soul-shrinking creeds of his day, wasted none of his time in the stupidities, inanities and contradictions of theological metaphysics; he did not endeavor to harmonize the astronomy and geology ot a barbarous people with the science of the nineteenth century. Never, for one moment, did he abandon the sublime standard of truth; he investigated, he studied, he thought, he seperated the gold from the dross in the crucible of his grand brain. He was never found on his knees before the altar of superstition. He was never found on his knees before the altar of superstition. He stood erect by the grand tranquil column of reason. He was an admirer, a lover, an adorer of nature, and at the age of ninety, bowed by the weight of nearly a century, covered with the insignia of honor, loved by a nation, respected by a world, with kings for his servants, he laid his weary head upon her bosom—upon the boso n of the universal Mother—and with her loving arms around him, sank into the slumber called Death.

The world is his monument; upon the eternal granite of her hills he inscribed his name, and there upon everlasting stone his genius wrote this sublimest of truth: "THE UNIVERSE IS GOVERNED BY LAW."

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

Ingersoll's Eulogy on James G. Blaine.

At Cincinnati, June, 1876, in nominating James G. Blaine for President, Col. Ingersall spoke as follows (full report):

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Massa-

chusetts may be satisfied with the loyalty of Benjamin H. Bristow; so am I; but if any man nominated by this convention cannot carry the State of Massachusetts, I am not satisfied with the loyalty of that State. If the nominee of thls convention cannot carry the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts by seventy-five thousand majority I would advise them to sell out Faneuil Hall as a Democratic headquarters. I would advise them to take from Bunker Hill that old monument of glory.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876, a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demand a statesman; they demand a reformer after as well as before the election. They demand a politician in the highest, broadest and best sense—a man of superb moral courage. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs; with the wants of the people; with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demand of the future.

They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this Government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties and prerogatives of each aud every department of this Government. They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States; one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of the people; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made; not by law but by labor; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry

to make the money, and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; that when they come they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire, greeted and grasped by the counless sons of toil.

This money has to he dug out of the earth. You connot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this Government should protect every citizen, at home and abroad; who knows that any Government that will not defend its defenders and protect its protectors, is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is as spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidafe shall have a cirtificate of moral character signed by a Confederate Congress. The man who has, in full, heaped and rounded measure, all these splendid qualifications is the present grand end gallant leader of the Republiean party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievments of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man

who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience and brain beneath her flag. Such a man is James G. Blaine.

For the Republican host, led by this intrepid man, there can be no defeat.

This is a grand year—a year filled with recollections of the Revolution; filled with the proud and tender memories of the past; with the sacred legends of Liberty; a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which they call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander—for the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of rebellion; for this man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who is still a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blane marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of her honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their General upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now and has been for years the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free.

Gentlemen of the convention, in the name of the

great Republic, the only Republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle, and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians—that leader of leaders—James G. Blaine.

GEN. GARFIELD.

Ingersoll's Eulogy on Gen. Garfield.

[Extract from a speech at Rockford, Ill., Sept. 29, 1880.]

On the other hand we have a man who is a trained statesman, who has discussed those questions time and

time again, and whose opinions are well known to all the intelligent people of this Union. He was as good a soldier as Hancock was. (A voice, "A volunteer," and applause.) The man who makes up his mind in a time of profound peace to make war the business of his life; the man who is adopted by the Government; the man who makes war his profession is, in my judgment, no better than the man who in time of peace would rather follow the avocations of peace, and who, when war comes, when the blast of conflict blows in his ears, buckles on his sword and fights for his native land, and, when the war is over, goes back to the avocations of peace. (Applause.) I say that Garfield was as good a soldier as Hancock, and I say that Garfield took away from the field of Chicamauga as much honor as one man can carry. (Applause.) He is a trained statesman. He knows what he is talking about and he talks about it well. I have known him for years. I know him as well as I know any other man, and I tell you he has more brain, more education, wider and more splendid views, than any other man who has been nominated for the Presidency since I was born. (Applause.)

Some people say to me: "How can you vote for Garfield when he is a Christian and was a preacher?" I tell them I have two reasons; one is I am not a bigot, and the other is, Gen. Garfield is not a bigot. He does not agree with me; I do not agree with him on thousands of things; but on the great luminious principle that must give to every other man every right that he claims for himself we do absolutely agree. (Applause.) I would despise myself if I would vote against a man simply be-

cause we differed about what is known as religion. I will vote for a liberal Catholic, a liberal Presbyterian, a liberal Methodist, a liberal anything, ten thousand times quicker than I would vote for an illiberal free-thinker. (Applause.) I believe in the right. I believe in doing to other people in these matters as I would like to have them do to me.

Gen. Garfield is an honest man in every way; intellectual every way. He is a poor man; he is rich in honor, in integrity, and in brains he is a millionaire. (Laughter and applause.) I know him, and if the people of Illinois knew him as well as I do, he would not lose 100 votes in this State. He is a great, good, broad, tender man, and he will do, if elected President, what he believes to be right. (Applause.) I like him too, because he is a certificate of the splendid form of our Government. I like him because, under our institutions, he came from abject poverty to occupy the position he now does before the American people. He will make Hope the tailor of every ragged boy. He will make every boy think it possible, no matter how poor he is, no matter how hungry he may be, he will make every one of those boys believe that there is in their horizon some one beckoning them to glory and to honor. (Applause.) That is the reason I like this country. I like it because the poorest man can live hoping his boy may occupy the highest place. That is the reason I like this country. That is one one of the reasons I want to see Gen. Garfield elected. He believes in honor; he believes in liberty; he believes in an honest ballot; he believes in collecting the revenues; he believes in good money; he

EARLY HOME OF THE LINCOLNS IN ILLINOIS.

Located in Macon County, in the Sangamon Valley, about ten miles from Decatur. It was here, during the first year, that Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks split several thousand rails. Lincoln was about twenty years of age at this time.

believes in a Government of law; he believes that this is absolutely a Nation, and not a Confederacy, and I believe in him. (Applause.) Throwing aside, throwing to the winds, all prejudice, all partizanship, all hatreds, I beg of every one who hears me to conscientiously decide for themselves what, under the circumstances, as a man, as a patriot, as a lover of justice, what he ought to do. That is all I want you to do. Be honor bright. (Laughter.) Do not be led away by the appeals of the gentlemen who once belonged to the Republican party. Vote to sustain the greatest possible cause, human liberty. I know and appreciate what our liberty has cost. We are reaping to-day the benefits of the sufferings of every hero who ever died. We are to-day a great, a united, and a splendid people, simply because somebody was great and good enough to die that we might live. Now, do you believe if the dead could rise from their graves—the men fallen on all the battlefields of war—could they rise from the unknown graves that make this continent sacred, how would they vote next November? Think of it. Let us be true to the memory of every man that ever died for us. (Applause.)

[In his speech in New York, Oct. 28, 1880, Col. Ingersoll spoke of Gen. Garfield as follows:]

Fellow citizens of the great city of New York:—This is the grandest audience I ever saw. (Great applause,) This audience certifies that Gen. James A. Garfield is to be the next President of the United States. (Tremendous cheers.) This audience certifies that a Republican

is to be the next mayor of the city of New York. [Great cheers.] This audience certifies that the business men of New York are not going to let the country be controlled by the Rebel South and the Rebel North. [Cheers.]

I will tell you why I am for Garfield. [Laughter.] I know him, and I like him. No man has been nominated for the office since I was born, by either party, who had more brains and more heart than James A. Garfield. [Loud applause.] He was a soldier, he is a statesman. In time of peace he pursued the avocations of peace; when the bugle of war blew in his ears he withdrew from his work and fought for the flag (cheers), and then went back to his avocation of peace. And I say to-day that a man who, in time of profound peace. makes up his mind that he would like to kill for a living [laughter], is no better, to say the least of it, than the man who loves peace in the time of peace, and who, when his country is attacked, rushes to the rescue of her flag. [Loud cheers.]

James A. Garfield is to-day a poor man, and you know there is not money enough in this magnificent street to buy the manhood of James A. Garfield. (Enthusiastic applause.) Money cannot buy such a man, and I will swear to you that money cannot buy him. (Renewed applause.) James A. Garfield to-day wears the glorious robe of honest poverty. He is a poor man, but I like to say it here in Wall street, I like to say it surrounded by the millions of America, I like to say it in the midst of banks, and bonds, and stocks; I love to say it where the gold is piled,—that, although a poor man, he is rich in honor, in integrity he is wealthy, and

and in brain he is a millionaire. (Loud applause.) I know him, and I like him. ["So do we," and renewed applause.] So do you all, gentlemen. Garfield was a poor boy, he is a certificate of the splendid form of our Government. Most of these magnificent buildings have been built by poor boys; most of the success in New York began almost in poverty. You know it. The kings of this street were once poor, and they may be poor again; and if they are fools enough to vote for Hancock they ought to be. [Loud laughter and cheers.] Garfield is a certificate of the splendor of our Government, that says to every poor boy: "All the avenues of honor are open to you." I know him, and I like him. He is a scholar, he is a statesman; he is a soldier, he is a patriot; and above all he is a magnificent man; and if every man in New York knew him as well as I do, Garfield would not lose a hundred votes in this city. ["We will all be true to him," and cheers.] And yet this is the man against whom the Democratic party has been howling its filth; this is the great and good man whom the Democrats have slandered from the day of his nomination until now; this, the soldier, the statesman, the scholar, the patriot is the man against whom the Democratic party was willing to commit the crime of forgery.

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James Buchanan's and Jake Thompson's Pistols.

[Extract from speech at Lewiston, Me., Aug. 21, 1876.]

Then there's Buchanan, an old bachelor, and, for God's sake, never trust another. I wouldn't trust a man who don't love a wife better than politics. Buchanan said, "I can't do anything." He fell back on State Rights. Now, I claim that nobody ever urged that doctrine who didn't want to steal something from somebody else. It was called up when the South wanted to secede. Buckle up your coat when they talk State Rights, —your pocket-book is in danger. They believe the United States is a simple partnership, and that when a member of the firm wants to set up business on his own account he may go out. Now, what has the Democratic party been doing all these years? The Republican party has its book open. The Democratic party says "For God's sake, let our pedigree alone." I say let's examine the pedigree. The Democratic party was opposed to the war, that ought to damn them eternally. I would be willing to let them end a little short, but politically eternally. The Democratic party opposed the means to put the war down, they swore the debt never ought to be paid. They tried to impair the National credit. The Democratic party said: "Don't buy a bond, the South will succeed." If the Democratic party had had its way, the soldiers in the field would not have been paid.

They ought, politically, to be damned for that. How many Democrats were delighted every time the Union army was defeated! That's a fact. I don't tell it as news, but simply to refresh your memories.

The Democratic party tried to get up a fire in the rear of Canada. Jake Thompson had $700,000 from the Confederacy to operate in Canada in conjunction with Northern Democrats. The Knights of the Golden Circle in Indiana and Illinois received money from Jake Thompson, He hired men to fire New York and Cincinnati. He furnished pistols to those men in boxes marked "Sunday-school books." I have right here a copy of Jake Thompson's letter in which he speaks of the danger of his letters falling into loyal hands; for, says he, they will implicate leading men in the North. What kind of leading men? Northern Democrats,—friends of honesty and reform, gentleman.

I was at Peoria, Ill., when the Democrats held their convention. "Brothers," they said, "let us put down that tyrant, Lincoln." They were for peace, they said, and all the time they had Jake Thompson's pistols in their pockets. That was the first meeting held in the interest of an uprising to aid the South. But Vallandigham told them, "We'll elect McClellan and that will accomplish by ballot what is proposed to do by force." Jake Thompson laments the failure of his attempt to burn New York with Greek fire. That's what the Democrats were doing in 1864. Recollect when I speak of the Democratic party I mean the men who did these things. I am sorry to see these men good and true and loyal, who are with the Democrats still, and who are trying to make them respectable. My voice has no

word against those men, do whatever they do, who faced shot and shell for the Union. I do not stigmatize them. I do not allude to the true and loyal Democrats, but to those Democrats who are Democrats from mere cussedness. How came it to this? Is a man to be ashamed for having fought the Democratic party with shot and shell? Will the time ever come when these scars worn by Gov. Connor shall be a disgrace to him? Shall the time come when we shall not mention the struggles of our boys and defend their scars? It can never come! But I say if the Democratic party gets the power, the Union soldier will have to hide his scars. If Samuel J. Tilden is elected President, he will be the tool and instrument of the Southern Democracy. Did the Southern Democracy ever allow the Northern Democracy to manage? They never did and they never will. And after the war was over the Republican told the negro he was free, and he must be a citizen and have the ballot. The Democratic party voted against all these measures. Mr. Hendricks spoke in the United States Senate, and said there was no power in the people to change the constitution and make the slave free. He believes to-day these persons were unlawfully deprived of their property, and he will vote to pay them for their property.

It is some trouble to get up a Republican. You've got to build school-houses. If you want to make Democrats, tear them down. If you want to make a Democrat, appeal to prejudices or appeal to hard times. A Democrat in Illinois thinks the cinch-bug comes of the Republican administration. Who makes the hard times? Who made it necessary for the United States to borrow money? The Democratic party, North and South,

And now they say we ought to have whipped for less. Hard times! You will see what hard times mean if you get the Democratic party into power. We've got down to hard-pan. And we are already in the light of the dawn of the revived business. Why? Because the Republican party is bent on seeing a gold dollar and in resuming specie payment at the appointed time. The Republican party, I say, will pay the debt, and protect all men.

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Tilden and Tammany.

[Extract from Ingersoll's speech in Cooper Institute, New York city, Sept. 11, 1876.]

The Democratic party have as their candidate for the Presidency, Samuel J. Tilden, It is enough for me to say of him that he is a Democrat. He belongs to the Democratic party of the city and State of New York. The Democratic party of the city of New York, as I understand it, and we have heard of it out West, never had but two objects, grand and petit larceny. We have always heard out west that Tammany Hall bears the same relation to the penitentiary that a Sunday-school does to the church. I understand that the Democratic party of the city of New York got control of the city when it didn't owe a dollar, and that it has managed to steal until now it owes about one hundred and sixty millions. I understand that every contract ever made by the Democratic party in the city of New York was larceny in disguise. I understand that every election they ever had was a fraud. I understand that they stole everything

they could lay their hands upon, and Oh, what hands. They grasped and clutched all that it was possible for the people to pay interest upon, and then, clapping their enormous hands to their bursting pockets, they began yelling for honesty and reform.

I understand that Mr. Tilden was a pupil in that school, and that now he is a teacher in that school. I understand that when the war commenced he said that he would never aid in the prosecution of that outrage. I understand that he said in 1860 and 1861 that the Southern States could snap the tie of confederation as a nation would break a treaty, and that they could repel cœrcion as a nation would repel invasion. I understand that during the war he was opposed to its prosecution, that he was opposed to the proclamation of emancipation, and demanded that the document be taken back. I understand that he regretted to see the chains fall from the limbs of the colored man. I understand that he regretted when the stain was wiped from our flag and we stood before the world the only pure Republic that ever existed. It is enough for me to say about him, and since the news from Maine you need not waste your time in talking of him.

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Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes.

[From Ingersoll's speech, Cooper Institute, New York, Sept. 11, 1876.]

On the other side there is another man, Rutherford B. Hayes. I want to tell you something about this man. In the first place he is an honest man, a patriotic man, and when this war commenced Rutherford B. Hayes said: "I would rather go into the war and be killed in the cause of it than live through it and take no part in it." Compare, if you please, that with Mr. Tilden's refusal to sign a call for a Union meeting in this city of New York, headed by that honored man, who was, at that time, a staunch Democrat; John A. Dix; Rutherford B. Hayes is, as I said, a patriotic man; he went and dispersed rebel meetings when Mr. Tilden refused to disperse these meetings. He bears now three wounds in his flesh received while helping his country in this manner. He is also a man of good character. and, as I said before, good character cannot be made in a day; good character is made up of all good things; all the ennobling things accomplished go into this grand thing called character, and the character of Rutherford B. Hayes rises before the people to-day like a dome of honor, of patriotism and integrity. All the Democratic snakes, with their poisonous tongues thrust out, cannot find a crevice in the character of Mr. Hayes into which to deposit their malignty. Imagine a man so good that the Democratic men cannot lie about him. I would also say that William A. Wheeler is also as staunch a Republican as ever there was in the party. The is no one a greater advocate of reform than he.

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Extracts From Ingersoll's Oration on Decoration Day, Delivered in New York, May 30, 1882.

This day is sacred to our heoric dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of spring.

This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty nation bends above its honored graves, and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love.

Here in this peaceful land of ours—here where the sun shines, where flowers grow, where children play, millions of armed men battled for the right and breasted on a thousand fields the iron storms of war.

These brave, these incomparable men founded the first Republic.

They fulfilled the prophesies; they brought to pass the dreames they realized the hopes that all the great and and good and wise and just have made and had, since man was man.

But what of those who fell?

There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear, to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves, and, in the hush and silence, feel what speech has never told.

PEACE. (252)

They fought, they died, and for the first time since man has kept a record of events, the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant, or a slave.

In defense of this sublime and self-evident truth, the war was waged and won.

To-day we remember all the hopes, all the heroes, all the generous and chivalric men who came from other lands to make ours free.

Of the many thousands who shared the seven sacred years not one remains. The last has mingled with the earth, and nearly all are sleeping in unmarked graves, and some beneath the leaning, crumbling stones, from which their names have been effaced by Time's irreverent and relentless hands.

But the nation they founded remains. The United States are still free and independent. The "Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed," and fifty millions of free people remember with gratitude the heroes of the Revolution.

To-day we remember the heroes of the second war with England—in which our fathers fought for the freedom of the seas, for the rights of the American sailor.

We remember with pride the splendid victories of Erie and Champlain, and the wondrous achievements upon the sea—achievements that covered our navy with glory that neither the victories nor defeats of the future can dim.

We remember the heroic services and sufferings of those who fought the merciless savages of the frontier. We see the midnight massacre, and hear the war-cries

of the allies of England. We see the flames climb 'round the happy homes, and in the charred and blackened ruins we see the mutilated bodies of women and children.

Peace came at last, crowned with the victory of New Orleans—a victory that "did redeem all sorrows" and all defeats.

The Revolution gave our fathers a free land—the war of 1812 a free sea.

To-day we remember the gallant men who bore our flag in triumph from the Rio Grande to the heights of Chapultepec.

Leaving out of the question the justice of our cause—the necessity for war—we are yet compelled to applaud the marvelous courage of our troops. A handful of men—brave, impetuous, determined, irresistable—conquered a nation. Our history has no record of more daring deeds.

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Capital and Labor.

Here in the United States man at last is free; here man makes the laws and all have an equal voice. The rich cannot oppress the poor, the poor are in a majority; the laboring men, those who in some way work for their living, can elect every Congressman and every Judge; they can make and interpret the laws, and if labor is oppressed in the United States by capital, labor is simply itself to blame, The cry is now raised that capital, in some mysterious way, oppresses industry; that the capitalist is the enemy of the man who labors.

Every man who has good health is a capitalist; every one with good sense, every one who has had his dinner and has enough left for supper, is to that extent a capitalist. Every man with a good character, who has the credit to borrow a dollar or to buy a meal is a capitalist; and nine out of ten of the capitalists in the United States are simply successful workingmen. There is no conflict, and can be no conflict, in the United States between capital and labor, and the men who endeavor to excite the envy of the unfortunate, the malice of the poor, such men are the enemies of law and order.

As a rule wealth is the result of industry, economy, attention to business, and, as a rule, poverty is the result of idleness, extravagance, and inattention to business, though to these rules there are thousands of exceptions. The man who has wasted his time, who has thrown away his opportunities, is apt to envy the man who has not. For instance, here are six shoemakers working in one shop. One of them attends to his business; you can hear the music of his hammer late and early; he is in

love, it may be, with a girl on the next street; he has made up his mind to be a man; to succeed, to make somebody else happy, to have a home; and while he is working, in his imagination, he can see his own fireside with the light falling upon fhe faces of wife and child.

The next thing you know he is married, and he has built him a house, and he is happy, and his dream has been realized.

After awhile the same five shoemakers, having pursued the old course, stand on the corner some Sunday when he rides by.

He has got a carriage; his wife sits by his side, her face covered with smiles, and they have got two children, their faces beaming with joy, and the blue ribbons fluttering in the wind. And thereupon these five shoemakers adjourned to some neighboring saloon and passed a resolution that there is an irrepressible conflict between capital and labor.

There is, in fact no such conflict, and the laboring men of the United States have the power to protect themselves. In the ballot-box, the vote of Lazarus is on an equality with that of Dives; the vote of a wandering pauper counts the same as a millionaire. In a land where the poor, where the laboring men have the right and have the power to make the laws, and do in fact make the laws, certainly there should be no complaint.

In our country the people hold the power, and if any corporation in any State is devouring the substance of the people. every Stare has retained the power of eminent domain under which it can confiscate the property

and franchise of any corporation by simply paying to that corporation what such property is worth. And yet thousands of people are talking as though there existed a wide-spread conspiracy against industry, against honest toil, and thousands and thousands of speeches have been made and numberless articles have been written to fill the breasts of the unfortunate with hatred.

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Oration at a Child's Grave.

In a remote corner of the Congressional Cemetery in Washington, D. C., a small group of people with uncovered heads were ranged around a newly-made grave. They included Detective and Mrs. George O. Miller and family and friends, who had gathered to witness the burial of the former's bright little son Harry, a recent victim of diphtheria.

As the casket rested upon the trestles there was a painful pause, broken only by the mother's sobs, until the un-

dertaker advanced toward a stout, florid-complexioned gentleman in the party and whispered to him, the words being inaudible to the lookers on.

This gentleman was Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, a friend of the Millers, who had attended the funeral at their request. He shook his head when the undertaker first addressed him, and then said suddenly, "Does Mrs. Miller desire it?"

The undertakea gave an affirmative nod. Mr. Miller looked appealingly toward the distinguished orator, and then Col. Ingersoll advanced to the side of the grave, made a motion denoting a desire for silence, and in a voice of exquisite cadence, deliveled one of his characteristic eulogies for the dead. The scene was intensely dramatic. A fine drizzling rain was falling, and every head was bent, and every ear turned to catch the impassioned words of eloquence and hope that fell from the lips of the speaker.

Col. Ingersoll was unprotected by either hat or umbrella, and his invocation thrilled his hearers with awe; each eye that had previously been bedimmed with tears brightening and sobs becoming hushed. The Colonel said:

My Friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world. where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side. Why should we fear that which will come

to all that is? We cannot tell. We do not know which is the greatest blessing, life or death. We cannot say that death is not good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another or whether night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate, the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch. Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian weeping above his dead can answer the question as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those who press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be a common faith treads from without the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness, and I should rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we live and love again the ones who love us here. They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The largest and the nobler faith is all that is and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life, the needs and duties of each hour, their griefs will lessen day by day until at last these graves will

be to them a place of rest and peace, almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion. and it is this: "Help for the living, hope for the dead."

At the conclusion of the eloquent oration the little coffin was deposited in its last resting place covered with flowers.

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A Harrison Ratification Speech.

The Metropolitan Opera House in New York City was crowded from the uttermost edge of the topmost gallery to the farthest extremity of the stage with Republicans who had assembled under the auspices of the Republican clubs of the city to ratify the nomination of Harrison and Morton. Hundreds who tried to gain admittance were unable to do so. In the large audience assembled the number of ladies present was noticeable. They were almost as numerous as the men in the orchestra seats, and in almost every box there were fashionably dressed women.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was introduced and was warmly greeted. He said:

"The speaker who is perfectly candid, who tells his honest thoughts, not only honors himself but compliments his audience. It is only to the candid that one can open his heart. When a presidential candidate is put up most people alway claim that they were with him from the start. Generally they claim that they discovered him. They are anxious to be with the procession. I will be frank wlth you and say that I was not working for the successful ticket in this instance, but there is something in the American blood which bows to the will of the majority, so that when the convention was through all were for the ticket heart and soul. Some people said I made a mistake, but I always know who I am for, and why I am for him, and it never once occurred to me that we could get a man nominated and keep his name a secret.

I believe in doing things above board, openly in the

air. I was not for one man because I had anything against the other noble, splendid men, each worthy to be the chief officer of the United States. Let us see what animated our party in its recent convention. What was our country when this party first took hold of it. Every man was a bloodhound pledged to aid in catching human beings flying to freedom, led by the light of the Northern star. When this great party came together in Chicago what was its first act? It was to honor the names of the greatest men this country ever produced—Lincoln and Grant.

The next resolution adopted by the convention was "We earnestly hope that we shall soon congratulate our Irish fellow citizens upon the recovery of home rule in Ireland. Wherever a human being wears a chain there he will find the sympathy of the Republican party with him. The Republican party does not believe in State sovereignty, but in reserving to the States those rights given to the constitution we deny that any State has the right to deprive a citizen of his ballot. Whoever refuses to count an honest vote or casts a dishonest one is a traitor to the principles on which the country is founded.

The next thing in the platform is protection for American labor. I'll tell you why I am in favor of it. I want this Republic substantially independent of the rest of this world. For my next reason, the man who raises raw material only is eternally poor. The farmer who raises wheat is always poor, because he only gets one profit, and that is generally a loss. The farmer who raises wheat and pork and beef and horses makes a second or a third profit and gets rich. The country which

grows raw material will grow poor, while the country to which it sells it and manufactures it into fabrics and sells them back to it again will grow intelligent and rich. Just to the extent that you mix mind and muscle you give value. The South raises cotton and sells it. Just so long as the South does this it will be poor and democratic.

I am for protection because it will enable us to raise greater men. We want to rock the cradle of liberty so long as there is a baby in it, and when he gets six or seven feet tall—["We'll get another one," cried a man in the gallery]. No, we'll let him shift for himself. How little, after all, the laboring man receives for his work. ["Even under protection," said another man in the gallery.] Yes, even under protection. but let me ask you this, my Democratic friend, if the laboring man is not paid better here than abroad? Why do we not find American workingmen emigrating to Europe? [This reply was greeted by the most enthusiastic cheering of the evening, men in all parts of the house joining in the prolonged applause that followed it.]

There is no place in the civilized world where the laborer receives an adequate reward for his labor, but I hope the time is near at hand when he will be better paid in this country, but that will never be under free trade.

Why do the Democrats object to the immigration of Chinese? Why do they object to the competition of convict labor. Is is not because they recognize the need of protection? And why not object to immigration from Europe? Because those immigrants when they come

here become like us, they develop the same wants. Or, if not they, their children.

The second generation of Germans and Irish are as patriotic as the fortieth generation of Americans. Who wants free trade? Only those who want to make us their customers. If England gets her goods in here free she will soon become the richest empire on the globe, and we will become nobodies. The Democrats point to lands given away by the Republicans, but they do not tell us of the good uses made of the lands thus granted in establishing connections throughout the nation. They point to the lands they have taken back, but they do not tell you that they were recovered under provisions put in the grants for that purpose."

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Robert Ingersoll's Matchless Eulogy of Roscoe Conkling.

(Delivered in Albany, N. Y.)

The ceremonies were under auspices of the Senate and Assembly. Col. Ingersoll said:

Roscoe Conkling, a great man, an orator, a statesman, a lawer, a distinguished citizen of the Republie, in the zenith of his fame and power has reached his journey's end; and we are met, here in the city of his birth, to pay our tribute to his worth and work. He earned and held a proud position in the public thought. He stood for independence, for courage, and above all for absolute integrity, and his name was known and honored by many millions ot his fellow-men.

The literature of many lands is rich with the tributes that gratitude, admiration and love have paid to the honored dead. These tributes disclose the character of nations, the ideals of the human race. In them we find the estimates of greatness—the deeds and lives that challenged praise and thrilled the hearts of men.

In the presence of death the good man judges as he would be judged. He knows that men are only fragments, that the greatest walk in shadow, and that faults and failures mingle with the lives of all. In the grave should be buried the prejudices and passions born of conflict.

Charity should hold the scales in which are weighed the deeds of men. Peculiarities, traits born of locality and surroundings, these are but the dust of the race. These are accidents, drapery, clothes, fashions, that have

nothing to do with the man except to hide his character.

They are the the clouds that cling to mountains. Time gives us clearer vision. That which was merely local fades away. The words of envy are forgotten, and all there is of sterling worth remains. He who was called a partisan is a patriot.

The revolutionist and the outlaw are the founders of nations, and he who was regarded as a scheming, selfish politician becomes a statesman, a philosopher, whose words and deeds shed light.

Fortunate is that nation great enough to know the great. When a great man dies, one who has nobly fought the battle of life, who has been faithful to every trust, and has uttered his highest, noblest thought, one who has stood proudly by the right in spite of jeer and taunt, neither stopped by foe nor swerved by friend—in honoring him, in speaking words of praise above his dust, we pay a tribute to ourselves. How poor this world would be without its graves, without the memories of its mighty dead. Only the voiceless speak forever.

Intelligence, integrity and courage are the great pillars that support the State. Above all, the citizens of a free nation should honor the brave and independent man—the man of stainless integrity, of will and intellectual force.

Such men are the atlases upon whose mighty shoulders rest the great fabric of the Republic. Flatterers, cringers, crawlers, time-servers, are the dangerous citizens of a democracy. They who gain applause and power by pandering to the mistakes, the prejudices and passions of the multitude are the enemies of liberty.

When the intelligant submit to the ciamor of the many anarchy begins.

Mediocrity, touched with ambition, flatters the base and calumniates the great, while the true patriot, who will do neither, is often sacrificed.

In a government of the people a leader should be a teacher; he should carry the torch of truth. Most people are the slaves of habit, followers of custom, believers in the wisdom of the past, and were it not for brave and splendid souls "the dust of antique time would lie unswept and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer." Custom is a prison locked and barred by those who long ago were dust, the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead. Nothing is grander than when a strong, intrepid man breaks the chains, levels the walls, and breasts the many-headed mob like some great cliff that meets the innumerable billows of the sea.

The politician hastens to agree with the majority, insists that their prejudice is patriotism, that their ignorance is wisdom; not that he loves them, but because he loves himself.

The statesman, the real reformer, points out the mistakes of the multitude, attacks the prejudices of his countrymen, laughs at their follies, denounces their cruelties, enlightens and enlarges their minds, and educates the conscience, not because he loves himself, but because he loves and serves the right and wishes to make his country great and free.

With him defeat is but a spur to greater effort. He who refuses to stoop, who cannot be bribed by the promise of success or the fear of failure, who walks the high-

way of the right, and in disaster stands erect, is the only victor.

Nothing is more despicable than to reach fame by crawling, position by cringing.

When real history shall be written by the truthful and the wise, these men, these kneelers at the shrines of chance and fraud, these brazen idols worshiped once as gods, will be the very food of scorn, while those who bore the burden of defeat, who earned and kept their selfrespect, who would not bow to man or men for place or power. will bear upon their breasts the laurel mingled with the oak.

Rosoe Conkling was a man of superb courage. He not only acted without fear, but he had that fortitude of soul that bears the consequences of the course pursued without complaint. He was charged with being proud. The charge was true. He was proud. His knees were as inflexible as the "unwedgeablee and knarled oak," but he was not vain. Vanity rests on the opinion of others—pride on our own. The source of vanity is from without —of pride, from within. Vanity is a vane that turns, a willow that bends with every breeze; pride is the oak shat defies the storm. One is cloud, the other rock. One is weakness, the other strength.

This imperious man entered public life in the dawn of the reformation, at the time when the country needed men of pride, of principle and courage. The institution of slavary had poisoned all the springs of power. Before this crime ambition fell upon its knees—politicians, judges, clergymen and merchant-princes bowed low and humbly with their hats in their hands. The real friend of man was denounced as the enemy of his country, the

real enemy of the human race was called a statesman and a patriot. Slavery was a bond and pledge of peace, of union, of national greatness. Thc temple of American liberty was finished -thc auction block was the corner stone.

It is hard to conceive of the utter demoralization, of

the political blindness and immorality, of the patriotic dishonesty, of the cruelty and degredation of a people who supplemented the incomparable Declaration of Independence with the Fugitive Slave law. Think of the honored statesmen of that ignoble time. who wallowed in this mire, and who, decorated with dripping filth, received tho plaudits of their fellow-men.

The noble, the really patriotic, were the victims of mobs, and the shameless were clothed in the robes of office. But let us speak no word of blame; let us feel that each one acted according to his light, according to his darkness.

At last the conflict came. The hosts of light and darkness prepared to meet upon the fields of war. The question was presented: Shall the Republic be slave or free? The Republican party had triumphed at the polls. The greatest man in our history was President elect. The victors were appalled, they shrank from the great responsibility of success.

In the presence of rebellion they hesitated, they offered to return the fruits of victory. Hoping to avert war, they were willing that slavery should become immortal. An amendment to the Constitution was proposed to the effect that no subsequent amendment should ever be made that in any way should interfere with the right of man to steal his fellew-men.

This, the most marvelous proposition ever submitted to a congress of civilized men, received in the House an overwhelming majority, and the necessary two-thirds in the Senate.

The Republican party, in the moment of its triumph; deserted every principle for which it had so gallantly eontended, and with trembling hands of fear laid its convictions on the altar of compromise.

The Old Guard, numbering but sixty-five in the House, stood as firm as the three hundred at Thermopylæ. Thaddeus Stevens—as maliciously right as any other man was ever wrong—refused to kneel. Owen Lovejoy, remembering his brother's noble bloed, refused to sur-

render, and on the edge of disunion, in the shadow of civil war, with the air filled with sounds of dreadful preparation, while the Republican party was retracing its steps, Roscoe Conkling voted no. This puts a wreath of glory on his tomb.

From that vote to the last moment of his life he was a chimpion of equal rights, stanch and stalwart. From that moment he stood in the front rank. He never wavered and he never swerved. By his devotion to principle, his courage, the splendor of his diction, by his varied and profound knowledge, his conscientious devotion to the great cause, and by his intellectual scope and grasp he won and held the admiration of his fellow-men.

Disasters in the field, reverses at the polls, did not and could not shake his courage or his faith. He knew the ghastly meaning of defeat. He knew that the great ship that slavery sought to strand and wreck was freighted with the world's sublimest hope. He battled for a Nation's life, for the rights of slaves, the dignity of labor, and the dignity of all.

He guarded with a father's care the rights of the hunted, the hated and despised. He attacked the savage statutes of the reconstructed States with a torrent of invective, scorn and execration. He was not satisfied until the freedman was an American citizen clothed with every civil right; until the Constitution was his shield, until the ballot was his sword.

And long after we are dead the colored man in this ans and other lands will peak his name in reverence love. Others wavered, but he stood firm; some were false, but he was proudly true—fearlessly faithful unto death. He gladly, proudly grasped the hands of colored

men who stood with him as makers of our laws, and treated them as equals and as friends. The cry of "Social equality," coined and uttered by the cruel and the base, was to him the expression of a great and splendid truth.

He knew that no man can be the equal of the one he robs—that the intelligent and unjust are not the superiors of the ignorant and honest—and he also felt, and proudly felt, that if he were not too great to reach the hand of help and recognition to the slave, no other senator could rightfully refuse.

We rise by raising others, and he who stoops above the fallen stands erect. Nothing can be grander than to sow the seeds of noble thoughts and virtuous deeds, to iberate the bodies and the souls of men, to earn the grateful homage of a race, and then, in life's last shadowy hour, to know and feel that the historian of liberty will be compelled to write your name. There are no words intense enough—with heart enough—to express my admiration for the great and gallant souls who have in every age and every land upheld the light, and who have lived and died for freedom's sake.

In our lives have been the grandest years that man has lived, that time has measured by the flight of worlds. The history of that great party that let the oppressed go free, lifted our Nation from the depth of savagery to freedom's cloudless heights, and tore with holy hands the words that sanctified the cruelty of man, is the most glorious in the annals of our race.

Never before was there such a moral exaltation—never a party with a purpose so pure and high. It was the embodied conscience of a Nation, the enthusiasm of

a people guided by wisdom; the impersonation of justice and the sublime victory achieved loaded even the conquered with all the rights that freedom can bestow.

Roscoe Conkling was an absolutely honest man. Honesty is the oak around which all the other virtues cling. Without that they fall, and, groveling, die in weeds and dust. He believed that a nation should discharge its obligations. He knew that a promise could not be made often enough or emphatic enough to take the place of payment.

He felt that the promise of the government was the promise of every citizen—that a national obligation was a personal debt, aad that no possible combination of words and pictures could take the place of coin. He uttered the splendid truth that "The higher obligations among men are not set down in writing, signed and sealed, but reside in honor."

He knew that repudiation was the sacrifice of honor—the death of the National soul. He knew that without character, without integrity, there is no wealth and that below poverty, below bankruptcy, is the rayless abyss of repudiation.

He upheld the sacredness of contracts, of plighted National faith, and helped to save and keep the honor of his native land. This adds another laurel to his brow.

He was the ideal representative, faithful and incorruptible. He believed that his constituents and his country were entitled to the fruit of his experience, to his best and highest thought. No man ever held the standard of responsibility higher than he. He voted according to his

judgment, his conscience. He made no bargains—he neither bought nor sold.

To correct evils, abolish abuses, and inaugurate reforms he believed was not only the duty but the privilege of a legislator. He neither sold nor mortgaged himself.

He was in Congress during the years of vast expehditure, of war and waste, when the credit of the nation was loaned to individuals, when claims were thick as leaves in June, when the amendment of a statute, the change of a single word, meant millions, and when empires were given to corporations. He stood at the summit of his power—peer of the greatest—a leader tried and trusted. He had the tastes of a prince, the fortune of a peasant, and yet he never swerved.

No corporation was great enough or rich enough to purchase him. His vote could not be bought "for all the sun sees, or the close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide." His hand was never touched by any bribe and on his soul there never was a sordid stain. Poverty was his priceless crown.

Above his marvelous intellectnal gifts—above all place he ever reached—above the ermine he refused—rises his integrity like some great mountain peak, and there it stands, firm as the earth beneath, pure as the stars above.

He was a great lawyer. He understood the frame-work, the anatomy, the foundations of law; was familiar with the great streams and currents and tides of authority. He knew the history of legislation, the principles that have been settled upon the fields of war. He knew the maxims. those crystalizations of common sense, those hand-

grenades of argument. He was not a case lawyer, a decision index, or an echo; he was original, thoughtful and profound. He had breadth and scope, resource, learning, logic, and above all a sense of justice. He was painstaking and conscientious, anxious to know the facts, preparing for every attack, ready for every defense. He rested only when the end was reached. During the contest he never sent or received a flag of truce. He was true to his clients—making their case his. Feeling responsibility he listened to details, and to his industry there were only the limits of time and strength. He was a student of the Constitution.

He knew the boundaries of State and Federal jurisdiction, and no man was more familiar with those great decisions that are the peaks and promontories, the headlands and the beacons of the law.

He was an orator, earnest, logical, intense, picturesque. He laid the foundation with care, with accuracy and skill, and rose by "cold gradation and well balanced form" from the corner stone of statement to the doomed conclusion.

He filled the stage. He satisfied the eye; the audience was his. He had that indefinable thing called presence. Tall, commanding, erect, ample in speech, graceful in compliment, Titanic in denunciation, rich in illustration, prodigal of comparison and metaphors, and his sentences, measured and rhythmical, fell like music on the enraptured throng.

He abhorred the Pharisee and loathed all conscientious fraud. He had a profound aversion for those who insist on putting base motives back of the good deeds of others.

He wore no mask. He knew his friends. His enemies knew him.

He had no patience with pretence—with patriotic reasons for unmanly acts. He did his work and bravely spoke his thought.

Sensative to the last degree, he keenly felt the blows and stabs of the envious and obscure—of the smallest, of the weakest—but the greatest could not drive him from his convictions. He would not stoop to ask or give an explanation. He left his words and deeds to justify themselves.

He held in light esteem the friend who heard with half-believing ears the slander of a foe. He walked a highway of his own, and kept the company of his self-respect. He would not turn aside to avoid a foe, to greet or gain a friend.

In his nature there was no compromise. To him there were but two paths—the right and wrong. He was maligned, misrepresented and misunderstood, but he would not answer. He knew that character speaks louder far than words. He was as silent as he is now, and his silence, better than any form of speech, refuted every charge.

He was an American, proud of his country, that was and ever will be proud of him. He did not find perfection only in other lands. He did not grow small and shrunken, withered and apologetic in the presence of those upon whom greatness had been thrust by chance. He could not be overawed by Dukes and Lords, nor flattered into vertebrateless subservience by the flattering smiles of Kings.

In the midst of conventionalities he had the feeling of

suffocation. He believed in the royalty of man, in the sovereignty of the citizen, and in the matchless greatness of this Republic.

He was of the classic molds—a figure from the antique worlds. He had the pose of the great statues, the pride and bearing of the intellectual Greek, of the conquering Roman, and he stood in the wide, free air, as though there flowed throuh his veins the blood of a hundred kings.

And as he lived he died. Proudly he entered tfie darkness, or the dawn, that we call death. Unshrinking he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purple hills, beyond the reach of human harm or help, to that vast realm of silence or joy where the innumerable dwell; and he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed, the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man, who bowed alone to death.

Ingersoll's Eloquent Eulogy on Abraham Lincoln.

(Delivered in the Auditorium, Chicago, Feb. 12, 1892.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: — Eighty-three years ago to-day two babes were born—one in the woods of Kentucky amid the hardships and poverty of pioneers; one in England, surrounded by wealth and culture.

One associated his name with the enfranchisement of labor, with the emancipation of millions, with the salvation of the Republic. He is known to us as Abraham Lincoln.

The other broke the chains of superstition and filled the world with intellectual light, and he is known to us as Charles Darwin.

Because of these men the nineteenth century is illustrious.

Every generation has its heroes, its iconoclasts, its pioneers, its ideals. The people always have been and still are divided, at least into two classes—the many, who with their backs to the sunshine, worship the past; and the few, who keep their faces to the dawn—the many, who are satisfied with the world as it is; the few, who labor and suffer for the future, for those to be, and who seek to rescue the oppressed, to destroy the cruel distinctions of caste, and to civilize mankind.

Yet it sometimes happens that the liberator of one age becomes the oppressor of the next. His reputation becomes so great—he becomes so revered and worshipped—that the followers in his name attack the hero who endeavors to take another step in advance.

In our country there were for many years two great political parties, and each of these parties had conservatives and extremists. The extremists of the Democratic party were in the rear, and wished to go back; the extremists of the Republican party were in the front, and wished to go forward. The extreme Democrat was willing to destroy the Union for the sake of slavery, and the extreme Republican was willing to destroy the Union for the sake of liberty.

Neither party could succeed without the vote ot the extremists.

This was the political situation in 1858–60.

The extreme Democrats would not vote for Douglas,

but the extreme Republicans did vote for Lincoln. Lincoln occupied the middle ground, and was the compromise candidate of his own party. He had lived for many years in the intellectual territory of compromise—in a part of our country settled by Northern and Southern men—where Northern and Southern ideas met, and the ideals of the two sections were brought together and compared.

The sympathies of Lincoln, his ties of kindred, were with the South. His convictions, his sense of justice, and his ideals, were with the North. He knew the horrors of slavery; and he felt the unspeakable ecstacies and glories of freedom.

He had the kindness, the gentleness, of true greatness, and he could not have been a master; he had the manhood and independence of true greatness, and he could not have been a slave.

He was just, and he was incapable of putting a burden upon others that he himself would not willingly bear.

He was merciful and profound, and it was not necessary for him to read the history of the world to know that liberty and slavery could not live in the same nation or in the same brain.

The Republic had reached a crisis, the conflict between liberty and slavery could no longer be delayed. From the heights of philosophy—standing above the contending hosts, above the prejudices, above the sentimentalities of his day—Lincoln was good enough and brave enough and wise enough to utter these prophetic words:

"A house divided against itself can not stand, I believe this country can not permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all the one thing or the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction or its advocates will push it farther until it becomes alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

This declaration was the standard around which gathered the grandest political party that the world has ever seen, and this declaration made Lincoln the leader of that vast host.

In this, the first great crisis, Lincoln uttered the victorious truth that made him the foremost man in the Republic.

Then came another crisis—the crisis of secession and civil war.

Again Lincoln spoke the deepest feeling and the highest thought of the Nation. In his first message he said:

"The central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy."

He also showed conclusively that the North and South, in spite of secession, must remain face to face—that physically they could not separate—that they must have more or less commerce, and that this commerce must be carried on, either between the two sections as friends or aliens.

This situation and its consequences he pointed out to absolute perfection in these words:

"Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws! Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among friends!"

After having stated fully and fairly the philosophy of the conflict, after having said enough to satisfy any calm and thoughtful mind, he addressed himself to the hearts of America. Probably there are fewer and finer passages of literature than the close of Lincoln's first message:

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriotic grave to every loving heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our natute."

These noble, these touching, these pathetic words, were delivered in the presence of rebellion, in the midst of spies and conspirators—surrounded by friends, most of whom were unknown and some of whom were wavering in their fidelity—at a time when secession was arrogant and organized, when patriotism was silent, and when, to quote the expressive words of Lincoln himself, "Sinners were calling the righteous to repentance."

When Lincoln became President he was held in contempt by the South—underrated by the North and East—not appreciated even by his Cabinet—and yet he was not only one of the wisest but one of the shrewdest of mankind. Knowing that he had the right to enforce the laws of the Union in all parts of the United States and Territories—knowing, as he did, that the secessionists

were in the wrong, he also knew they had sympathizers, not only in the North, but in other lands. Consequently he felt that it was of the utmost importance that the South should fire the first shot, should do some act that would solidify the North and gain for us the jnstification of the civilized world. He so managed affairs that while he was attempting simply to give food to our soldiers, the south commenced actual hostilities and fired on Sumter.

This course was pursued by Lincoln in spite of the advice of many friends, and yet a wiser thing was never done.

At that time Lincoln appreciated the scope and consequences of the impending conflict. Above all other thoughts in his mind was this: This conflict will settle the question, at least for centuries to come, whether man is capable of governing himself, and consequently is of greatest importance to the free than to the enslaved. He knew what depended on the issue, and he said: "We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth."

Then came a crisis in the North. It became clearer and clearer to Lincoln's mind, day by day, that the rebellion was slavery, and that it was necessary to keep the border States on the side of the Union.

For this purpose he proposed a scheme of emancipation and colonization—a scheme by which the owners of slaves should be paid the full value of what they called their "property." He called attention to the fact that he had adhered to the act of Congress to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes—that the Union must be preserved, and that therefore all indis-

pensable means must be employed to that end.

He knew that if the border States agreed to gradual emancipation, and received compensation for their slaves, they would be forever lost to the Confederacy, whether secession succeeded or not. It was objected at the time by some that the scheme was far too expensive; but Lincoln, wiser than his advisers—far wiser than his enemies—demonstrated that from an economical point of view his course was the best.

He proposed that $400 be paid for slaves, including men, women and children. This was a large price, and yet it showed how much cheaper it was to purchase than carry on the war.

At that time, at the price mentioned, there were about $750,000 worth oi slaves in Deleware. The cost of carrying on the war was at least two millions of dollars a day, and for one-third of one day's expenses all the slaves in Deleware could be purchased. He also showed that all the slaves in Deleware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri could be bought, at the same price, for less than the expense of carrying on the war for eighty-seven days.

This was the wisest thing that could have been proposed, and yet such was the madness of the South, such the indignation of the North, that the advice was unheeded.

Again, in July, 1862, he urged on the representatives of the border States a scheme of gradual compensated emancipation; but the ropresentatives were too deaf to hear, too blind to see.

Lincoln always hated slavery, and yet he felt the obligations and duties of his position. In his first mes-

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S RESIDENCE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

sage he assured the South the laws, including the most odious of all—the law for the return of fugitive slaves—would be enforced. The South would not hear. Afterward he proposed to purchase the slaves of the border States, but the proposition was hardly discussed—hardly heard. Events came thick and fast; theories gave way to facts, and everything was left to force.

The fact is that he tried to discharge the obligations of his great office, knowing from the first that slavery must perish. The course pursued by Lincoln was so gentle, so kind and persistent, so wise and logical that millions of Northern Democrats sprang to the defense not only of the Union, but of his administration. Lincoln refused to be led or hurried by Freemont or Hunter, by Greeley or Sumner. From first to last he was leader, and he kept step with events.

On the 22nd of July, 1862, Lincoln called together his Cabinet for the purpose of showing the draft of a proclamatien of emancipation, stating to them that he did not wish their advice, as he had made up his mind.

This proclamation was held until some great victory might be acheived, so that it would not appear to be the effect of weakness, but the child of strength.

This was on the 22nd of July, 1862. On the 22nd of August the same Lincoln wrote his celebrated letter to Horace Greely, in which he stated that it was to save the Union; that he would save it with slavery if he could; that if it was necessary to destroy slavery in order to save the Union he would; in other words, he would do what was necessary to save the Union.

This letter disheartened to a great degree thousands and millions of the friends of freedom. They thought

that Mr. Lincoln had not attained the moral height upon which they supposed he stood. And yet when this letter was written the emancipation proclamation was in his hands and had been for thirty days, waiting only an opportunity to give it to the world.

Some two weeks after the letter to Greeley Lincoln was waited on by a committee of clergymen, and was by them informed that it was God's will that he should issue a proclamation of emancipation. He replied to them, in substance, that the day of miracles had passed. He also kindly and mildly suggested that if it were God's will that this proclamation be issued, certainly God would have made known that will to him—to the person whose duty it was to issue it.

On the 22nd day of September, 1862, the most glorious date in the history of the Republic, the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued.

The Extreme Democrat of the North was fearful that slavery might be destroyed, that the Constitution might be broken; and that Lincoln, after all, could not be trusted; and at the same time the radical Republican feared that he loved the Union more than he did liberty.

Lincoln had reached the generlization of all argument upon the question of slavery and freedom— a generalization that never will be excelled:

"In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freeddom to the free."

Liberty can be retained, can be enjoyed, only by giving it to others. The spendthrift saves, the miser is the prodigal. He who puts chains upon the body of another shackles his own soul.

The moment the proclamation was issued, the cause of the Republic became sacred. From that moment the North fought for the human race. From that moment the North stood under the blue and stars, the flag of nature—sublime and free.

We were surrounded by enemies. Many of the so-called great in Europe and England were against us. They hated the Republic, despised our institutions, and sought in many ways to aid the South.

Mr. Gladstone announced that Jefferson Davis had made a nation, and that he did not believe the restoration of the American Union by force attainable. It was also declared that the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence.

The Marquis of Salisbury said: "The people of the South are the natural allies of England. The North keeps an opposition shop in the same department of trade as ourselves." Some of their statesmen declared that the subjugation of the South by the North would be a calamity to the world. Louis Napoleon was another enemy, and he endeavored to establish a monarchy in Mexico, to the end that the great North might be destroyed. But the patience, the uncommon sense, the statesmanship of Lincoln—in spite of foreign hate and Northern division—triumphed over all.

LINCOLN WAS, BY NATURE, A DIPLOMAT.

He knew the art of sailing against the wind. He understood, not only the rights of individuals, but of nations. In all his correspondence with other governments he neither wrote nor sanctioned a line which afterward was

BIRTH-PLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In what is now LaRue Co., Kentucky, one and a half miles from Hodgenville, and seven miles from Elizabethtown. The three pear trees were planted by Lincoln's father, and mark the spot near where the house stood. Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809. He resided here only a few years.

used to tie his hands. In the use of perfect English he easily rose above all his advisers and all his fellows.

No one elaims that Lincoln did all. He could have done nothing without the great and splendid generals in the field; and the generals could have done nothing without their armies. The praise is due to all—to the private as much as to the officer; to the lowest who did his duty, as much as to the highest. But Lincoln stood at the center and directed all.

Slavery was the cause of the war, and slavery was the perpetual stumbling-block. As the war went on, question after question arose—questions that could not be answered by theories. Should we hand back the slave to his master, when the master was using his slave to destroy the Union? If the South was right, slaves were property, and by the laws of war anything that might be used to the advantage of the enemy might be confiscated by us. Events did not wait for discussion, General Butler denominated the negro as "a contraband." Congress provided that the property of the rebels might be confiscated.

Lincoln moved along this line. Each step was delayed by Northern division, but every step was taken in the same direction.

First, Lincoln offered to execute every law, including the most infamous of all; second, to buy the slaves of the border States; third, to confiscate the property of rebels; fourth, to treat slaves as contraband of war; fifth, to use slaves for the putting down the rebellion; sixth, to arm these slaves and clothe them in the uniform of the Repudlic; seventh, to make them citizens and allow

them to stand on an equality with their white brethren under the flag of the Republic.

During all these years Lincoln moved with the people—with the masses, and every step he took was justified by the considerate judgment of mankind.

Lincoln not only watched the war, but kept his hand on the political pulse. In 1863 a tide set in against the administration. A Republican meeting was to he held in Springfield, Illinois, and Lincoln wrote a letter to be read at this convention, It was in his happiest vein. It was a perfect defense of his admlnistration, including the proclamation of emancipation. Among other things he said:

"But the proclamation, as law, either is valid or it is not valid. If it is not valid it needs no retraction; but if it is valid it can not be retracted any more than the dead can be brought to life."

To the Northern Democrats who said they would not fight for negroes, Lincoln replied;

"Some of them seem willing to fight for you—but no matter."

"But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us they must be prompted by the strongest motive—even the promise of freedom. And the promise, being made, must be kept."

There is one line in this letter that will give it immortality;

"The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea."

Another;

"Among free men there can be no successful appeal ftom the ballot to the bullet."

He draws a comparison between the white men against us and the black men for us:

"And then there will be some black men who can remember with silent tongue and clentched teeth and steady eye and well-poised bayonet they have helped mankind on to this consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it,"

Under the influence of this letter, the love of country, of the Union, and above all the love of liberty, took possession of the heroic North.

Success produces envy. and envy often ends in conspiracy. Lincoln always saw the end. He was unmoved by the storms and currents of the time. He advanced too rapidly for the conservative politicians, too slowly for the radical enthusiasts. He occupied the line of safety, and held by his personaltty—by the force of his great character, by his charming candor, the masscs on his side. The soldiers thought of him as a father.

All who had lost their sons in battle felt that they had his sympathy—felt that his face was as sad as theirs. They knew that Lincoln was actuated by one motive, and that his energies were bent to the attainmeat of one end—the salvation of the Republic.

In 1864 many politicians united against him- It is not for me to criticise their motives or thcir actions. It is enough to say that the magnanimity of Lincoln to-

WHITE PIGEON CHURCH.
The unpretentious edifice where Abraham Lincoln attended Divine Service in early life.

ward those who had deserted and endeavored to destroy him is without parallel in the political history of the world. This magnanimity made his success not only possible, but certain.

Vallandigham was a friend of the South, an enemy of the North. He did what he could to sow the seeds of failure. He had far more courage than intelligence—more cunningthan patriotism. For the most part he was actuated by political malice. He was tried and convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in Fort Warren. Linceln disapproved of the findings, changed the punishment, and with a kind of grim humor sent Mr. Vallandihgham "to his friends in the South." Those who regarded the act as unconstitutional almost forgave it for the sake of its humor.

Horace Greeley always had the idea that he was greatly superior to Lincoln, and for a long time he insisted that the people of the North and the people of the South desired peace. He took it upon himself to lecture Lincoln, and felt that he in some way was responsible for the conduct of the war. Lincoln, with that wonderful sense of humor unitcd with shrewdness and profound wisdom, told Mr. Greeley that if the South really wanted peace he (Lincoln) desired the same thing, and was doing all he could to bring it about. Greeley insisted that a commissioner should be appointed, with authority to negotiate with the representatives of the Confederacy. This was Lincoln's opportunity. He autorized Greeley to act as such commissioner. The great editor felt that he was caught. For a time he hesitated, but finally went, and found that the Southern commissioners were willing to take into consideration any offers of peace that

Lincoln might make. The failure of Greeley was humiliating and the position in which he was left absurd.

Again the humor of Lincoln had triumphed.

One of the most wonderful and unfortunate things ever done by Lincoln was the promotion of General Hooker. After the battle of Fredericksburg General Burnsides found great fault with Hooker, and wished to have him removed from the Army of the Potomac. Lincoln disapproved of Burnside's order, and gave Hooker the command of the Army of the Potomac. He then wrote Hooker the memorable letter:

"I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier—which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession—in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself—which is valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious—which, within reasonahle bounds, does good rather than harm. But I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition to thwart him as much as you could—in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can

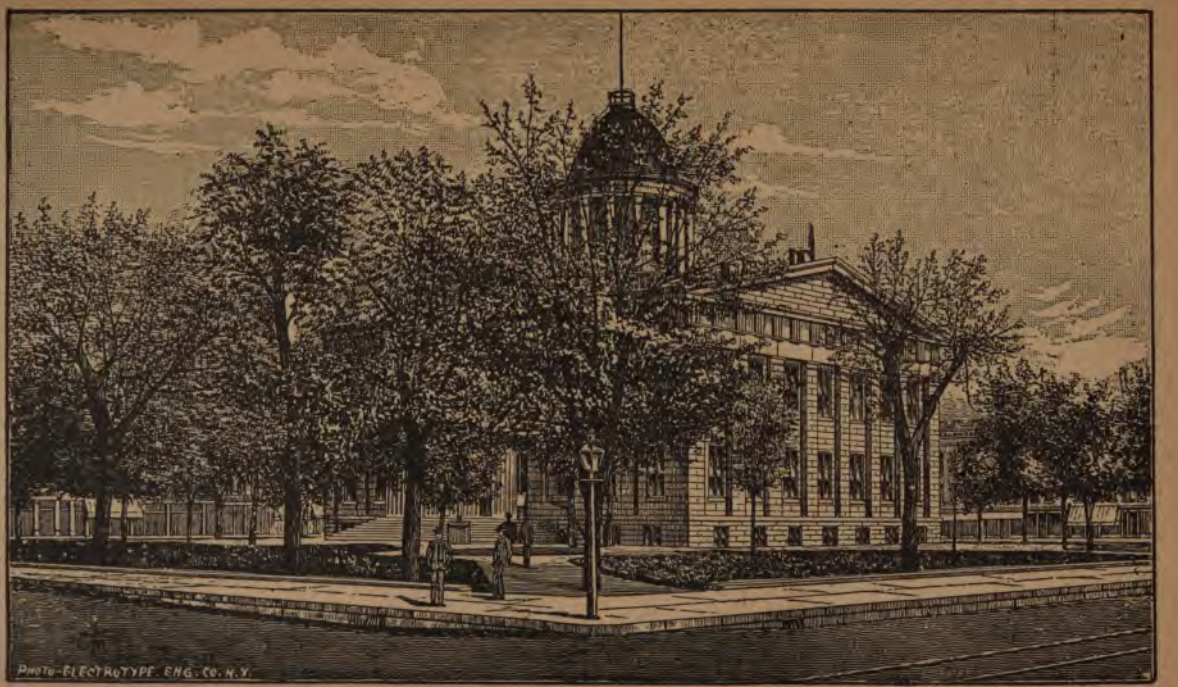
set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military successes, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less thon it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence in him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you, as far as I can, to put it down. Neither you, nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, can get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Be ware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

This letter has, in my judgment, no parallel. The mistaken magnanimity is almost equal to the prophecy:

"I much fear that the spirit which yeu have aided to infuse into the army of criticising their commander and withholding confidence in him will now turn upon you."

A great actor can be known only when he has assumed the principal character in a great drama. Possibly the greatest actors have never appeared, and it may be the greatest soldiers have lived the lives of perfect peace. Lincoln assumed the leading part of the greatest drama ever acted upon the stage of a continent.

His criticisms of military movements, his correspondence with his generals and others on the conduct of the war, show that he was at all times master of the situation—that he was a natural strategist, that he appreciated the difficulties and advantages of every kind, and that in "the still and mental" field of war he stood the peer of any man beneath the flag. Had McClellan followed his advice he would have taken Richmond. Had Hooker



(297) THE OLD CAPITOL BUILDING AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

acted in accordance with his suggestions Chancellorsville would have been a victory for us.

Lincoln's political prophecies were always fulfilled. We know now that he not only stood at the top, but that he occupied the center, from the first to the last, and that he did this by reason of his intelligence, his humor, his philosophy, his courage, and his patriotism.

He lived to hear the shout of victory. He lived until the Confederacy died—until Lee had surrendered, until Davis had fled, until the doors of Libby Prison were opened, until the Republic was free.

He lived until Lincoln and liberty were united forever. He lived until there remained nothing for him to do as great as he had done.

What he did was worth living for, worth dying for.

He lived until he stood in the midst of universal joy, beneath the outstretched wings of peace—the foremost man in all the world.

And then the horror came. Night fell on noon. The savior of the Republic, the breaker of chains, the liberator of millions, he who had "assured freedom to the free," was dead.

Upon his brow Fame had placed the immortal wreath.

For the first time in the history of the world a Nation bowed and wept.

The memory of Lincoln is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts together now, and holds all States beneath a Nation's flag.

Strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Democritus, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable,

lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, was an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. About the roots of these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity.

Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who lived and loved, and hated and schemed, we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are exceedingly indistinct.

Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mould—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but, according to their poor standard, as he shculd have been.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors.

He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope, He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the season.

In a new country a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage, and generosity. In cultivated society cultivatian is often more lmportant than soil. A well-executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society—to be honest enough to keep out of prison and generous enough to subscribe in public—where the subscription can be defended as an investment.

In a new country character is essential; in the old reputation is sufficient. In the new they find what a man really is; in the old he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys.

In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds, The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof, and-listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called spring, touched and saddened by autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought, and every forest a fairy-land. In the country you preseree your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms; but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker

W. H. HERNDON, LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNER.

[It was Mr. Lincoln's intention to retnrn to Springfield from Washington and continue the practice of law with Mr. Herndon. In their last interview in the office, referring to their sign-board, Lincoln said: "Let it hang there undisturbed. Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live I'm coming back sometime, and then we'll go right on practicing law as if nothing ever happened."—Editor.]

after knowlenge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had been educated at Oxford he might have been a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson.

He was a great lawyer. There is nothing shrewder in this world than intelligent honesty. Perfect candor is not only a sword but a shield.

He understood the nature of man. As a lawyer he endeavored to get at the truth, at the very heart of a case. He was not willing even to deceive himself. No matter what his interests said, what his passion demanded, he was great enough to find the truth and strong enough to pronounce judgment against his own desires.

He never was satisfied until he fully understood not only the facts, not ouly the law applicable to such facts, but the reason of the law.

If any one doubts his legal ability, let him read, first, the opinion of Chief Justice Taney in the Merryman case, and then the views of Lincoln on that opinion.

Mr. Lincoln was a statesman. The great stumbling block—the great obstruction—in Lincoln's way, and in the way of thousands, was the old doctrine of states rights.

This doctrine was first established to protect slavery. It was clung to to protect the inter-state slave trade. It became sacred iu connection with the fugitive slave law, and was finally used as the corner-stone of secession.

This doctrine was never appealed to in defense of the right—always in support of the wrong. For many years politicians upon both sides of these questions endeavored

to express the exact relations existing between the Federal Government and the States, and I know of no one who succeeded except Lincoln. In his message of 1861, delivered on July 4, the definition is given, and it is perfect:

Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the General Government. Whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State.

When that definition is realized in practice this country becomes a Nation.

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor.

It may be that humor is the pilot of reason. People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Humor sees the other side—stands in the wind like a spectator, a good-natured critic, and gives its opinion before judgment is reached. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason. In anger reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly as most men can tell the things we wish to hear.

He was not solemn Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue, and index to the cunning or the stupid.

He was natural in his life and thought—master of the storyteller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect,

liberal in speech, shocking pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. His logic shed light. In its presence the obscure became luminous, and the most complex and intricate political and metaphysical knots seemed to untie themselves. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart.

Lincoln was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought.

If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish suggests insincerity.

The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips words bud and blossom.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together

and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett.

The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will

MRS. SARAH BUSH LINCOLN, LINCOLN'S STEPMOTHER.

live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read.

The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture.

The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He

places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others.

He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows.

He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes.

Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty.

As a noble man, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a hundred-dollar bill and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected either of making a display of wealth of pretense of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.

A great man stoooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.

By his candor, by his kindness, by his perfect freedom from restraint, by saying what he thought, and saying it absolutely in his own way, he made it not only possible, but popular, to be natural. He was the enemy of mock solemnity, of the stupidly reepectable, of the cold and formal.

He wore no official robes either on his body or his

LINCOLN'S MONUMENT. AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

soul. He never pretended to be more or less, or other or different from what he really was.

He had the unconscious naturalness of Nature's self. He built upon the rock. The foundation was secure and broad. The structure was a pyramid, narrowing as it rose. Through days and nights of sorrow, through years of grief and pain, with unswerving purpose, "with malice towards none, with charity for all," with infinite patience, with unclouded vision, he hoped and toiled. Stone after stone was laid until at last the Proclamation found its place. On that the Goddess stands.

He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly, if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop; but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong.

He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that they who attack the right must wound themselves.

He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned.

With him men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong.

Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war he saw the end.

He was as patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable

hieroglyphics were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most men can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except on the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man.

He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer. not persons, but prejudice—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a Nation.

He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince.

He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction

He longed to pardon.

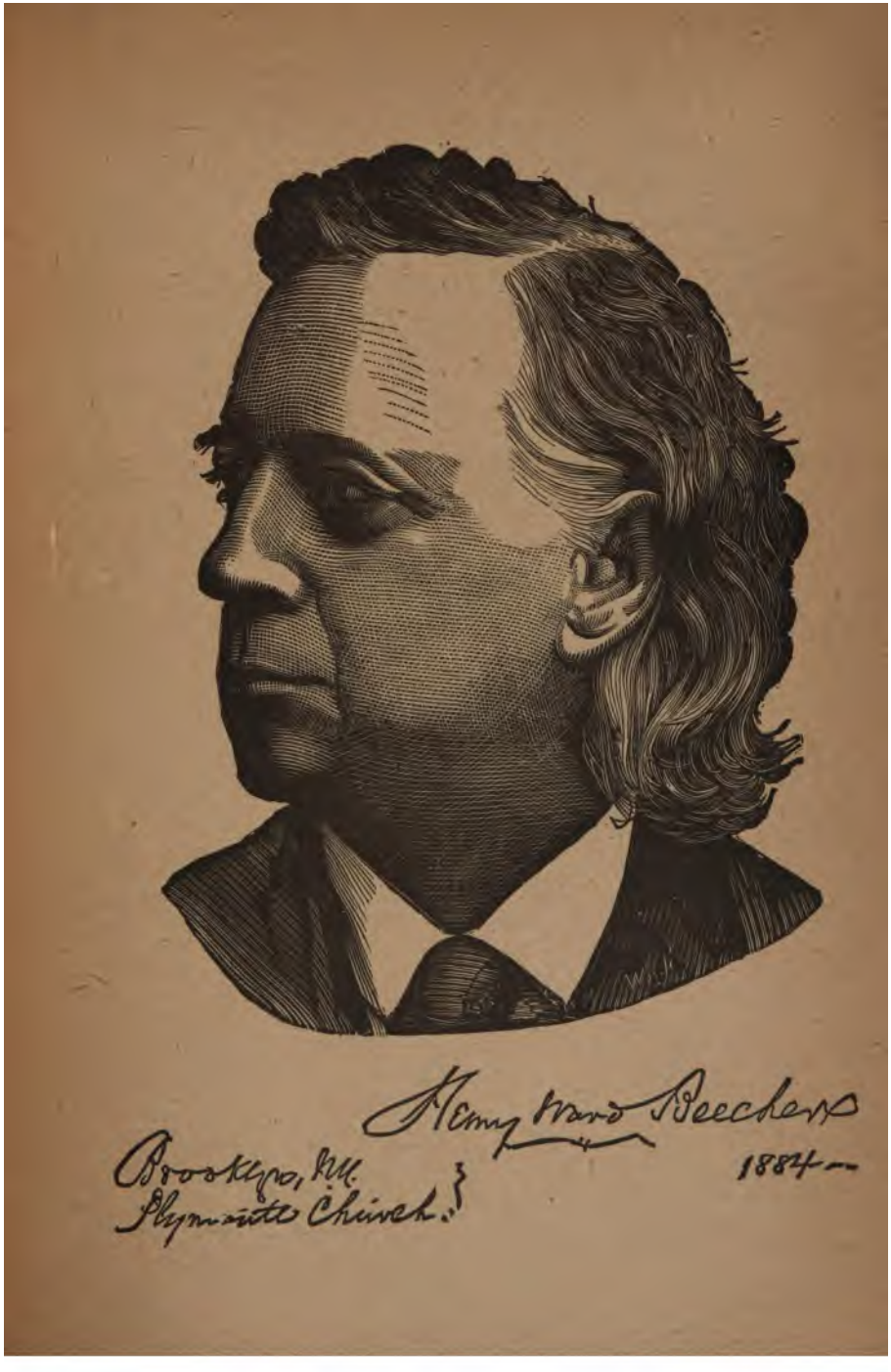
He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

Gladstone, Webster, Beecher and Others.

I do not regard Gladstone as a great orator, but it must be conceded that he is a grand speaker. He is wanting in feeliug and imagination. He says fine things in a stately, well-balanced way, but I defy his greatest admirer to repeat, on the spur of the moment, one sentence of Gladstone that has been burned into the memory and the recital of which stirs the public pulse into a faster beat.

The Americans are the most fluent people in the world, and our political methods have done much to foster the art of public speaking, but this has not encouraged true oratory, for when everyone is a speaker people are satisfied with mediocrity. The true artist is not going to enter the field against the sign painter, nor will the poet compete with the maker of advertising rhymes.


Henry Ward Beecher
1884
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Plymouth Church

Webster was a man of great possibilities rather than great achievements. He aimed at being sonorous and ponderous, and he succeeded. He ignored the heart while addressing himself to the head, yet he has left a few grand oratorical paragraphs that will survive in the language after his standing as a statesman is forgotten.

Clay was handicapped by inadequate training. His success with the masses, who idolized him, was due more to his personal magnetism than to his origanality, for he had none. There was far more in his manner than in his matter. He was a great force, but history will not rank him as a great orator. In his owu field Tom Corwin was superb, but he either lacked the opportunity or did not make it, to give the world the best there was in him.

S. S. Prentiss was an oratorical meteor. He flamed across the sky and was gone, but he had the divine gift, with all the human failings that attach. In denunciatory power, biting scorn and withering contempt Wendell Phillips was wonderful and unapproached by any man of his time. Henry Ward Beecher as an orator of the first class stands in the fore front of Americans, and unsurpassed by many of the ancients or moderns. He was a master of the emotions. He said grand things and might have spoken still better had not his splendid genius been cramped by his environment. It is a great pity that Beecher wasted so much of his life within the narrow and narrowing compass of the pulpit. Talmage? Who ever accused Talmage of being an orator; certainly no person able to define the word or to appreciate the gift? He is a spouter, a word conjurer. The ventriloquist can dc some surprising things with his mouth, but

that does not make him an orator. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech is a gem, and Abraham Lincoln in that rose to the front rank of oratars. But it was but one flight. as brilliant as it was brief, indicating the grand possibilities that lay dormant in the man· No land has had so many great speakers as America, but it would be sheer vanity for us to claim to head the list with our arsay of great orators.

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Words.

A contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton discouraged the idea that all languages could be traced to one; he maintained that all language was of natural growth; that we speak as naturally as we grow; we talk as naturally as sings a bird, or as blooms and blossoms a flower. Experience teaches us that this may be so; words are continually dying and continually being born; words are the garment of thought. Through the lapse of time some were as rude as the skins of wild beasts, and others are pleasing and cultured like silk and gold. Words have been born of hatred and revenge; of love and self-sacrifice and fear, of agony and joy; the stars have fashioned them, and in them mingled the darkness and the dawn.

Every word that we get from the past, so to speak, is a mummy robed in the linen of the grave. They are the crystalization of human history, of all that man enjoyed, of all that man has suffered, his victories and defeats, all that he has lost and won. Words are the shadows of all that have been; they are the mirrors of all that is.

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This Country Should Protect Its Industries.

[To the Virginia Delegation, Palmer House, Chicago.]

My Friends:—What the Republicans want this year is to win, and I am glad we have an issue before us upon which we can sweep the country like the wind from the prairies of Nebraska. We don't have to revive the questions of the past or go to the graveyards of history to bring back what has been.

This year we are going to talk about the present and the future of this great country. We have got a baby in the cradle, and we are going to rock the cradle and and take care of the baby.

I mean by that that I am for protection and the Republican party is for protection. We want to make this Nation great, prosperous and civilized, We want to diversify onr industries so that every man, woman, and child that has talent can find use for it.

Labor is valuable and dignlfied in proportion to the amount of brain that is put in it. I know a bright little girl who is crippled and who would not be able to earn but $1 a year but for the fact that she has a genius for drawing and earns $100 a week making designs ior wall-paper.

Take a piece of canvass two feet square, cover it with paint, and it may be worth $1.50. Let some artist put his genius upon it, and the picture is worth thousands of dollars. Take a ton of iron ore in the ground and it is worth one cent. Three tons of coal in the mine are worth three cents. One ton of limestone in the qnarry is worth one cent. Put this together and make a ton of

Bessemer steel, and you have something that is worth $30, and $29.95 of that is labor.

The nation that simply raises raw material and exports it will always be poor, and will always be ignorant.

We want our people rich in money, rich in intellect, rich in all the graces that the human mind is capable of possessing and using.

The only way we can have that is by diversifying our industries and giving every man, woman and child in this great country a fair chance to use to the best advantage the faculties they possess. That can only be done in a country that protects its industries, and by that means diversifies them.

Now I am for any man that this convention nominates, who is a gocd Republican, but be sure you don't make a mistake. A wood's colt may win a race sometimes, but he is not safe to bet on. It is a bad policy to run him as a general rule.

It is to the interest of the Republican party and to the Nation that we should have at the head of our affairs a man who has been tried in some high position, where his intellectual faculties have been developed, where he has been brought into contact with great questions concerning the rights of States, corporations and individuals.

No man ought to be elected President of the United States who has not won his spurs in some intellectual field ef conflict.

———:o:———

Orators and Oratory.

The great orator is a genius. He is a great artist and the most potent of all while exerting his influence. With words he paints pictures that glow in the brain and set the most prosaic heart a throbbing. He chisels statues with sounds. His voice is music that thrills and stirs, and moves to resistance, to laughter, or to tears. He is the great master of lights and shades, and he illustrates by the most vivid contrasts. Like the great painter, he knows the full value of color. His wit is keen, quick, and to the point, and like lightning's flash it lights up all about it. His humor is genial as the light of the harvest moon when it catches a glimpse of the setting sun, and banishes the shadows in a twilight of glowing beauty. Pathos is his, and he is master of and holds the key to the fountain of tears. In his deft hands scorn becomes a powerful weapon in the denunciation of wrong and the exposition of fraud. He is the magician who draws the hearts and the minds of men to his own mood. Who will deny that, with this wonderful power, he is not a genius with an innate gift that training may improve or hamper, but which it can never wholly destroy and never give, even in part.

People are still eager to hear and be thrilled by the music of the human voice. They have read the speeches and they yearn to see and to hear the man—the orator. They want to have their emotions stirred, to feel the divine flame, and, forgetting the sordid earth for a time, to soar to heights of dazzling splendor on his wings. As to the suggestion that the printing press exhausts the orator's themes, it but serves to intensify them and to pre-

pare the people for the proper reception of what he has to say. In every way the printing press is the orator's ally, for it enables the hearer to deliberate on the truth that has stirred him, and to weigh it away from the orator's magic influence. Truth is the corner-stone of oratory, without that it is a sounding brass and a tinkling symbal.

If he is not born an orator, then all he can do is to pray to be born again. The elocutionist is not an orator. Oratory is not simply an art, though for its complete exposition it requires the mastery of many arts. The real orator has something to say, just as the real poet has a song to sing, and so strong is his desire to say it, that he becomes the servant of the thought that urges him on. He loses the consciousness of self, loses it in the presence of the ideal that possesses him and makes him for the time its mouthpiece. No, the field of oratory increases with the vision as men climb up, but the master spirits cannot be produced to order.

I concede the supreme ability of Beecher and the great natural force of Corwin. Webster lacked sincerity; Phillips was a thorn rather than a flower; Clay had all the orator's physical attributes, but lacked thought; Kossuth, now nearing his end, I regard as the greatest orator Europe has giAen to the nineteenth century. A handsome presence and a graceful manner are of great advantage, particularly where the speaker is addressing a strange audience, but I think these physical advantages have been overestimated. Sheridan was preposessing. Gratton was under-sized, awkward and apt to excite ridicule at the beginning of an address. The same is true of Curran, Prentiss was boyish and lame; Corwin dark

BANKS OF THE NILE.

as an Indian and far from handsome. And so I might go through the list to prove that the foremost orators have not been handsome men. But it is conceded that when the plainest face lit up, with the soul aflame, the homeliest of these men looked as if he were inspired.

I do not believe in Indian orations. They were all written, like Emmett's speech, long after the event, and there is a painful sameness in them that reflects no credit on the white authors. The Irish talk well, but their orators, like their poets, are not the greatest! Curran gave utterance to the noblest paragraph in the English tongue. Danton, to my mind, was the greatest of all the French orators, but it is a mistake to suppose that an impulsive people must produce the greatest orators. Of all the arts this is the one that depends most on acute reasoning.

Ingersoll's Improved Man.

The improved man will be in favor of universal liberty —that is to say, he will be opposed to all kings and nobles, to all privileged classes. He will give to all others the rights that he claims for himself. He will neither bow nor cringe, nor accept bowing and cringing from others. He will be neither master nor slave, neither prince nor peasant—simply man.

He will be the enemy of all caste. no matter whether its foundation be wealth, title or power, and of him it will be said: "Blessed is that man who is afraid of no man and of whom no man is afraid."

The Improved Man will be in favor of universal education. He will believe it the duty of every person to shed all the light he can, to the end that no child may be reared in darkness. By education he will mean the gaining of useful knowlhdge, the development of the mind along the natural paths that lead to human hapiness.

He will not waste his time in ascertaining the foolish theories of extinct peoples, nor in studying the dead languages for the sake of understanding the theologies of ignorance and fear, but he will turn his attention to the affairs of life, and will do his utmost to see to it that every child has an opportunity to learn the demonstrated facts of science, the true history of the world, the great principles of right and wrong applicable to human conduct—the things necessary to the preservation of the individual and of the State, and such arts and industries as are essential to the preservation of all.

He will endeavor to develop the mind in the direction of the beautiful—of the highest art—so that the palace in which the mind dwells may be enriched and rendered

beautiful, to the end that these stones, called facts, may be changed into statues. The Improved Man will believe only in the religion of this world.

He will have nothing to do with the miraculous and supernatural. He will find that there is no room in the universe for these things. He will know that happiness is the only good, and that everything that tends to the hapiness of sentient beings is good, and that to do the things—and no other—that add to the hapiness of man is to practice the highest possible religion. His motto mill be: "Sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof."

He will know that each man should be his own priest, and that the brain is the real cathedral. He will know that in the realm of mind there is no authority—that majorities in this mental world can settle nothing—that each soul is the sovereign of its own world, and that it can not abdicate without degrading itself.

He will not bow to numbers or force, neither to antiquity nor custom. He stands under the flag of nature, undər the blue and stars, will decide for himself. He will not endeavor by prayers and supplications, by fastings and genuflections, to change the mind of the "Inflnite" or alter the course of nature, neither will he employ others to do these thiogs in his place.

He will have no confidence in the religion of idleness, and will give no part of what he earns to support parson or priest, archbishop or pope. He will know that honest labor is the highest form of prayer. He will spend no time in ringing bells or swinging censers, or in chanting the litanies of barbarism, but he will apdreciate all that is artistic—that is beautiful—that tends to refine and en-

oble the human race. He will not live a life of fear. He will stand in awe neither of man or ghosts.

He will enjoy not only the sunshine of life, but will bear with fortitude the darkest days. He will have no fear of death. About the grave there will be no terrors, and his life will end as serenely as the sun rises.

The Improved Man will be satisfied that the supernatural does not exist—that behind every fact, every thought and dream is an efficient cause. He will know that every human action is a necessary product, and he will also know that men cannot be reformed by punishment, by degradation or by revenge.

He will regard those who violate the laws of nature and the laws of State as victims of circumstances, and he will do what he can for the well-being of his fellowmen.

The Improved Man will not give his life to the accumulation of wealth

He will find no happiness in exciting the envy of his neighbors. He will not care to live in a palace, while others who are good, industrious and kind are compelled to huddle in nuts and dens.

He will know that great wealth is a great burden- and that to accumulate beyond the actual needs of a reasonable human being is to increase not wealth, but responsibility and trouble

The Improved Man will find his greatest joy in tne happiness of others, and he will know that the home is the real temple.

He will believe in the democracy of the fireside, and will reap his greatest reward in being loved by those whose lives he has enriched.

The Improved Man will be self-poised, independent, candid and free. He will be a scientist. He will observe, investigate, experiment and demonstrate. He will use his sense and his senses. He will keep his mind open as the day to the hints and suggestions of nature. He will always be a student, a lerner and a listener—a believer in intellectual hospitality.

In the world of his brain there will be continuous summer, perpetual seed-time and harvest. Facts will be the foundation of his faith. In one hand he will carry the torch of truth, and with the other raise the fallen.

Golden Thoughts.

—Liberty is cheap at any price.

—No party has a mortgage on me.

—I admit that the Republican party is not absolutely perfect.

—The army and the navy are the right and the left hands of the civil power.

—Governments should be for all, and should protect white and black alike.

—It makes all the difference whether a bankrupt or a banker signs a note.

—You can convince a man without killing him, but you can't kill him without convincing him.

—I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear.

—The old Democratic party followed the South and ate dirt for years, and they seem to like the diet.

—Neither do I believe it is possible to influence a solitary man who has got any sense, by slander or vituperation.

—We want honest money.

—A vast aggregate official appetite. (What was?)

—A greenback to-day is as good as gold. Who made it so?

—Where would we have been if we'd all been old bachelors?

—I think more of a black friend than I do of a white enemy.

—Six thousand millions dollars and 400,000 lives! What for?

—Democrats and Republicans have an equal interest in this country.

—Let us say, if our children do not live in a Republic, it shall not be our fault.

—Inflation means going into debt; contraction means the payment of the debt.

—The men who tried to tear her flag down will trample America"s honor beneath their feet.

—Had it not been for the Republican party the old banner of stars and stripes would not now be floating in heaven.

—Libby and Andersonville, the two mighty wings that will bear the memory of the confederacy to eternal infamy.

—If a father can't protect his children at home, depend upon it, that old gentleman can't do much for them when they are abroad.

—There is an aristocracy in the South based on a trade in human beings. They are men who believed that lashes were a legal tender for a human being.

—Tammany Hall bears the same relation to the penitentiary that a Sunday-school does to the church.

—I believe in protecting American labor. I want the shield of my country above every anvil, above every furnace, above every cunning head and above every deft of American labor.

—From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

—Money has a great liking for money. A single dollar in the pocket of a poor man is lonesome; it never is satisfied until it has found its companions.

—Nature makes all the gold and all the silver, and the Nation coins the gold and coins the silver so that each man who sees it may know what it is worth.

—As a rule it is an exceedingly prosperous time in a man's life when he is getting into debt; as a rule it is an exceedingly hard time when he is paying this debt.

—Expansion is always at the expense of creditors, and when the wheel of fortune takes a turn, and contraction comes, that is always at the expense of the debtor.

—The kings of this (Wall) street were once poor, and they may be poor again.

—Well, when we get the tariff and office both out of politics, then, I presume, we will see two parties on the same side.

—The people of the North believe in honest dealing; the people of the North believe in free speech and in an honest ballot; the people of the North believe that this is a Nation; the people of the North hate treason; the people of the North hate forgery; the people of the North hate slander.

—Good character rests upon a record and not upon a prospectus. A man has a good or a bad character, by

what he has really done, by what he has really accomplished, and not by what he promises to do. If promises would make a good reputation, Samuel J. Tilden and the Democratic party would have one in twenty-four hours.

—This same Jacob Thompson whom the Democratic party shielded—this same man hired men to burn down the city of New York. Right in this great and splendid city of New York, that sits so like a queen on the Atlantic, men rose up in mobs to burn down asylums, simply because their walls sheltered the offspring of another race. Every one who raised his hand against these institutions should have had his brains crushed to atoms. It was a disgrace to humanity itself. Every man that was in that mob is to-night for Tilden, honesty and reform.

—The city of New York owes a great debt to the country. Every man that has cleared a farm has helped to bulld New York; every man who helped to build a railway helped to build up the palaces of this city. Whəre I am now speaking are the termnini of all the railways in the United Stats. They all come here. New York has been built up by the labor of the country, and New York owes it to the country to protect the best interest of the country. The farmers of Illinois depend upon the merchants, the brokers and the bankers, upon the gentlemen of New York, to beat the rabble of New York. You owe to yourselves, you owe to the Republic, and this city that does fhe business of a hemisphere —this city that will in ten years be the financial center of this world—owes it to itself to be true

to the great principles that have allowed it to exist and flourish.

—No man has ever starved when his credit was good, if thete was no famine in that country.

—The Kepublican party struggled untjl every paper promise was as good as gold.

—If my friends will not treat other people as well as the friends of the other people treat me, I'll swap friends.

—Any man that does not believe in free speech is a barbarian. Any State that does not support it is not a civilized State.

—As long as the Republican party lives this will be the asylum of the world. Let me tell you, Mr. Irishman, this is the only country on the earth where Irishmen have had enough to eat. Let me tell you, Mr. German, that you have more liberty here than you had in the Fatherland. Let me tell you, all men, that this is the land of humanity.

—Two years ago about two hundred and eighty-three convicts were iu the penitentiary of Maine. Out of that whole number there was one Republican, and only one. (A voice, "Who was the man?") Well, I don't know, but he broke out. He said he didn't mind being in the penitentiary, but the company was a little more than he could stand.

—Good character cannot be made in a day; good character is made up of all good things; all the ennobling things accomplished go into this grand thing called character.

—I had rather trust a party than any man; so would you.

—Will you take the promis of Arkansas or of Massachusetts?

—There is not money enough in the veins of this world to tempt me to misstate evidence when a man is on trial for his life and liberty.

—So far as I am concerned, I had rather trust the miserly crevises ol honest rocks for the money of this world than to leave it to any Congress ever assembled on earth.

—A Republican government is the very acme and height of national honor.

—I am willing to give to every human being every right that I claim for myself. Every man who won't do that is a rascal.

—In the ballot-box the vote of Dives; the vote of a wandering pauper counts the same as that of the millionaire.

—As well might you account for smallpox by saying that the first pustule was the cause of the disease. The failure of Jay Cooke & Co. was simply a sympton of the disease universal.

—The tariff affects every man and woman that has a back to be be covered or a stomach to be filled.

—Death has not been a successful politician in the United States.

—Under that doctrine of State rights, such men as I see before me—bankers, brokers, merchants, gentlemen —were expected to turn themselves into hounds and

chase the poor fugitive that had been lured by tho love of liberty and guided by the glittering Northern star.

—I like a black man who loves this country better than I do a white man who hates it. I think more of a black man who fought for our flag than for any white man who endeavored to tear it out of heaven. I like black friends better than white enemies. And I think more of a man black outside and white inside, than I do of one white outside and black inside.

—The Democratic party wanted you too keep your trade with the South, no matter to what depths of degradation you had to sink, and the Democratic party to-day says, if you want to sell your goods to the Southern people you must throw your honor and manhood into the streets. The patronage of the splendid North is enough to support the city of New York.

—Nothing has ever been money, from the most barbarous to the most civilized, unless it was a product of nature and a something to which the people among whom it passed as money attached a certain value, a value not dependent upon legislation in any degree. Nothing has ever been considered money that man could produce. A bank bill is not money, neither is a check nor a draft. These are all devices simply to facilitate business, but in and of themselves they have no value.

—A government that will not protect its protectors, a government that will not defend its defenders, is a disgrace to the nations of the earth, and the flag that will not protect them in her own country is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it floats.

—Man is the providence of man.

—The right of free speech is the priceless gem of the human soul.

—When a man hears what he knows to be true, he feels it, no matter what he suys.

—I believe in the gospel of intelligence. That is the only lever capable of raising mankind. Intelligence must be the saviour of this world.

—There was a man tried in court for having murdered his own father and his own mother. He was found guilty, and the judge asked him, "What have you to say that sentence of death shall not be pronounced on you?" "Nothing in the world, judge," said he, "only I hope your honor will take pity on me and remember that I am a poor orphan."

—Gold gets its value from labor. Of course I can not account for the fact that mankind have a certain fancy for gold or for diamonds, neither can I account for the fact that we like certain things better than others to eat. These are simple facts iu nature, and they are facts, whether they can be explained or not- which cannot be disregarded.

—I believe in the religion of the family. I believe that the roof-tree is sacred from the smallest fibre held in the soft, moist clasp of the earth to the little blossom on the top-most bough that gives its fragrance to the happy air. The family where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all this world.

—Reason, Observation and Experience—the Holy Trinity of Science—have taught us that happiness is the only good; that the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so.

—Man never had an original idea, and he never will have one, except it be supplied to him by his surroundings. Nature gave man every idea he ever had in the world, and nature will continue to give man his ideas so long as he exists. No man can conceive of anything, the hint of which he had not received from the surroundings.

—Felling forests is not the end of agriculture. Driving pirates from the sea is not all there is of commerce.

—There are heroic women now. Think of the women who cling to fallen and disgraced husbands day by day, until they reach the gutter, and who stoop down to lift them from that position and raise them up to be men once more. Every country is civilized in proportion as it honors women. There are women in England working in mines, deformed by labor, that would become wild beasts were it not for the love they bear for home.

—I have no love for any man who ever pretended to own a human being. I have no love for a man that would sell a babe from a mother's throbbing, heaving, agonized breast. I have no respect for a man who considered a lash on the naked back as a legal tender for labor performed.

—I love every man who gave me, or helped to give me the liberty I enjoy to-night; I love every man who helped me put our flag in heaven. I love every man who has lifted his voice in any age for liberty, for a chainless

body and a fetterless brain. I love every man who has given to every other human being every right that he claimed for himself. I love every man who has thought more of principle than he has of position. I love the men who have trampled crowns beneath their feet that they might do something for mankind.

—There is but one test by which to measure any man who has lived. Did he leave this world better than he found it? Did he leave in this world more liberty? Did he leave in this world more goodness, more humanity, than when he was born?

—The holiest temple beneath the stars is a home that love has built. And the holiest altar in all the wide world is the fireside around which gather father and mother and children.

—We sit by the fireside and see the flames and sparks fly up the chimney—everybody happy, and the cold wind and sleet beating on the window, and out on the door-step a mother with a child on her breast, freezing. How happy it makes a fireside, that beautiful contrast!

—The whole world doesn't move together in one life. There has to be some man to take a step forward and the people follow; and when they get where that man was, some other Titan has taken another step, and you can see him there on the great mountain of progress. That is why the world moves. There must be pioneers, and if nobody is right except he who is with the majority, then we must turn and walk toward the setting sun.

—There is a world of political wisdom in this: "England lost her liberty in a long chain of right reasoning from wrong principles;" and there is real discrimination

in saying: "The Greeks and Romans were strongly possessed of the spirit of liberty, but not the principles, for at the time they were determined not to be slaves themselves, they employed their power to enslave the rest of mankind."

—And I believe, too, in the gospel of liberty, in giving to others what we claim for ourselves. I believe there is room everywhere for thought, and the more liberty you give away, the more you will have. In liberty extravagance is economy. Let us be just. Let us be generous to each other.

—A gentleman walking among the ruins of Athens came upon a fallen statue of Jupiter. Making an exceedingly low bow, he said: "O Jupiter, I salute thee." He then added: "Should you ever get up in the world again, do not forget, I pray you, that I treated you politely while you were prostrate."

—What do you think would be the fate of agriculture depending on "the glare of volcanoes in the moon?"

—Recollect that everthing except the demonstrated truth is liable to die. That is the order of nature. Words die. Every language has a cemetery. Every now and then a word dies and a tombstone is erected, and across it is written the word "obsolete." New words are continually being born. There is a cradle in which a word is rocked. A thought is molded to a sound, and the child-word is born. And then comes a time when a word gets old and wrinkled and expressionless, and is carried mournfully to the grave, and that is the end of it.

—Penelope waiting patiently and trustfully for her lord's return, delaying her suitors, while sadly weaving

and unweaving the shroud of Lætes, is the most perfect type of wife and woman produced by the civilization of Greece.

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